



THE LADY FROM L. U. S. T. #4

LEAGUE OF UNDERCOVER SPIES AND TERRORISTS

5 BEDS TO MECCA

Rod Gray

Eve Drum is given the toughest, dirtiest assignment of her career — to stop a new holy war in the Middle East. And, as usual, Operative Oh Oh Sex takes it lying down.



EVE DRUM TALKING

There was a gun pressed into my bare belly.

I was standing stark naked in the bridal suite of the Hotel Mamounia in Marrakesh, Morocco. My little pink toes were curling into the blue wall-to-wall carpeting, scratching with delight. Holding the gun was David Anderjanian, a big blond Viking of a man with a magnificent tan over every inch of his equally unclad body.

I was staring below the Smith and Wesson 150 he was jabbing into my navel, and giggling. "No fair, David. You have two guns." David is a very well-armed man.

"You have a couple of cannons yourself," he quipped, eyeballing my female-female breasts, all 38 inches D cup of them, where they stood at attention, saluting. They were rock-hard as they aimed themselves at his broad chest.

"Let's shoot each other," I suggested.

5 BEDS TO MECCA

by Rod Gray
an espionage novel

A TOWER BOOK

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Chapter ONE

There was a gun pressed into my bare belly.

I was standing stark naked in the bridal suite of the Hotel Mamounia in Marrakesh, Morocco. My little pink toes were curling into the blue wall-to-wall carpeting, scratching with delight. Holding the gun was David Andonian, a big blonde Viking of a man with a magnificent tan over every inch of his equally unclad body. David is my case officer for the organization known as L.U.S.T., the League of Underground Spies and Terrorists.

Me, I'm Eve Drum, the lady from L.U.S.T.

Oh Oh Sex, in other words.

"No fair, David," I was giggling. "You have two guns."

I was staring below the Smith and Wesson 150 he was jabbing into my navel, to where his number two gun was aiming at me. David is a very well-armed man.

"You have a couple of cannons yourself," he quipped, eyeballing my female-female breasts, all 38 inches D cup of them, where they stood at attention, brown nipples saluting. They were rock-hard as they aimed themselves at his broad chest.

"Let's shoot each other," I suggested.

"Later, you beautiful bedmate," he laughed. "Right now, we have business to attend to. I've got to coach you on foreign protocol and how they do things in this corner of the world."

I sighed. I can never get anywhere with David when there is business to discuss. "All right. To business. Talk."

He kept staring at my nipples and licking his lips. I had an idea the business end of the discussion wouldn't take very long. David had a low boiling point, like me. The bed was waiting, clean and neat. The coverlets hadn't even been turned down yet. We had just checked into the Mamounia having stepped off a Royal Air Maroc flight from Casablanca. We had come straight from the airport. It was now two o'clock in the afternoon and we had a rendezvous date with British Intelligence at eight tonight.

"We're going to meet Major Alexander Hartley in a little cabaret near the Bab Debbagh. Don't ask me why, but he's going to make himself or his agent known by sticking a gun in your pretty white belly. I imagine it's some sort of protective pattern he's worked out."

"Is it pretty, David?" I asked, peering down at myself.

"No tangents, Eve. This is serious."

I snapped to attention, but I noticed he was still eyeing my female-female mounds in hypnotized fascination. I gave a little shimmy. My breasts swung lazily back and forth. David looked cross-eyed.

"British Intelligence is hot on the trail of something big in the Arab countries. So big it scares London and Washington and Moscow to hell and gone. That's why we had to make such a hurried trip from Washington, pet. There's no time to waste."

"I'll say," I yelped, glancing down at the number two gun that was trained on me. "Time's awasting, honey—so hurry up the lecture."

"M.I. 5 wants to sell you to the Arabs as a white slave."

"*What?*"

"Oh, you'll enjoy yourself," he muttered morosely. "It'll just be a succession of slave sales and sex shows and assorted couplings for which you're so famous."

"David, you say the sweetest things."

He jabbed my belly with the real gun. I doubled over and let my nipples brush the golden hairs on his chest. David began to quiver. David is a love, he responds so nicely to the slightest hint. I dropped my hand and grap-

pled with him for his gun. I caught hold of it and squeezed. David gasped.

"Put away the revolver, dear," I whispered, kissing his throat.

"I haven't finished briefing you," he protested.

"So you and the British are selling me into slavery. Okay, already. So now I know. What else do you have to say, darling?"

I snuggled closer. My nipples slid around in his chest-hairs. David dropped the Smith and Wesson 150, but even as my belly slapped against his, I felt his other gun ramming into my thigh. I moaned a little. I would capture his number two gun with my thighs. I opened them, I closed them. I had his second gun all to myself.

"Mmmmm?" I mmmmed. "What else, dear David?"

"You're hell on bare feet, sweetie," he panted.

"Actually, I'm Helen Bedd," I giggled.

"As for the business end of our little briefing—there isn't much more to say, I suppose. The Major will want to tell you something."

"Let his tongue do the talking, dear heart. Your tongue can do such nice other things."

His hands spread on my bare back, ran down to cup my soft buttocks. He likes a girlish behind, does David. As a matter of strict fact, I can't think of a part of the female anatomy he doesn't like. I guess a psychologist would call him a fetichist for the female whole, no pun intended. Now his hands were sliding up my sides to my shaven armpits.

His hands surged into my armpits, lifting me.

My breasts came level with his mouth. His tongue flecked out at my standing nipples, caressing them lazily. I felt the reaction down in my toes, that began to wriggle. His lips opened to engulf a tip, then slid over onto the other.

"David? David, dear," I murmured, shivering.

David-dear said nothing, even if his lips and tongue were moving at a great rate. My breasts had grown hard as Carrerran marble, blue veins and all. My throat was dry and I guess my eyes were glassy.

"David, honey, we can play later. Right now—"

He lifted me four inches so he could kiss my quivering belly. At the same time he murmured, "If you're going to be a white slave, the first thing you must learn is to be obedient. I'm not just doing this for the fun of it." Ooooooh, what a cock-eyed liar! ! ! "I'm doing it as a sort of—er—training routine. You know," his tongue was touching my bellybutton now, "getting you ready for those naughty old Arabian sheiks."

"I'm kind of like a hidden weapon, you mean."

"What a hidden weapon," he breathed, nuzzling lower while lifting me higher. His lips touched tufts of blonde hair.

"David!"

"What, my love?"

"Isn't this ti-tiring on your poor arms? Wouldn't you be more com-comfortable on the be-be-bed?"

"You're my slave, Eve."

"Yes, David," I murmured meekly.

Then I had my inspiration, I whispered, "Lift me away for a second. I just remembered something I read in an addenda to the great masterwork of the Sheik Umar ibn Muhammed al-Nefwazi—the Perfumed Garden."

His flushed face looked up at me. "Is it nice?"

"Yes, master. Real nice."

The muscles bulged in his sun-bronzed arms as he held me at arm's length. I lifted one leg and put it over his left shoulder. I slid my left thigh onto his right shoulder and caught the back of his head with my hands. I straightened up, sitting on him.

"You see? Now your arms don't have to strain."

It was difficult for David to say anything. Actually, I didn't expect him to do much talking at this point in my training lesson. I clamped my legs around him, I damn near smothered him. My thighs were tightening and loosening and somebody named Eve was moaning all over the place. My hips swung gently.

David walked around the room. My head was bent, both

to avoid hitting the hotel room ceiling and in response to the lip service he was paying me. I shuddered and shivered. My eyes were squeezed shut, my mouth was open a little.

Once I opened my eyes as we were moving past a large mirror. I could see that David had exchanged his gun for a much larger size. It looked deadly. The thought came to me that I might not be seeing David Anderjanian again for a long time. Maybe not ever again, if things went wrong behind the burnoose curtain. It made me all weepy and feminine.

"Let me really be your slave, David," I sobbed.

He could scarcely hear me with the soft inner flesh of my thighs wrapped around his head, but the idea got through. He walked to the bed, lowered my shoulders to the coverlets. I widened my thighs to free him. David gazed down at the moist vee those thighs formed, his hunger plain to read in his blue eyes.

"You just be your ever-loving self, honey," he panted.

He fell on me, full length. I guess his gun was loaded and just had to start shooting. But David was never one for pulling a trigger. He squeezed it, slowly, slowly. And while he was squeezing the trigger so gently, he was lifting me into that Nirvana that the poets talk about, where everything was a unending eternity of erotic delight.

I wrapped myself around him, I played boa constrictor with a holster. I felt him glide back and forth, in and out, in the position which the Hindus named *venuvidarita*, with my left leg outstretched on the bed, the right raised to his shoulder.

The ancient Indians were very honest about the finer things in life. They made a study of them and left their acquired wisdom to the whole world. In the Kama Sutra, in the Ananga Ranga and other assorted books, the wise men of the East put down the rules and regulations of sexual play between a man and a woman.

I tried as best I could to remember those carnal commands. From the *venuvidarita* in which the woman lies on her back with thighs widespread, I slipped easily into the

vyomapada-uttana-bandha, clasping both my legs under the knees and drawing them back as far as I could, while David, catching on, grabbed my breasts in his big fingers. We played at that for a time, because the pose enables the male member to sink deep within the yoni, and it was absolutely sensational.

We fell over into the *karkata-tiryak-bandha*, with both of us on our sides, David clasped between my legs. I was never one for these *tiryak* exercises, the man is always too much of a weight on the leg outstretched beneath him. So I slapped his behind with a palm, indicating I wanted him on his back.

David forgot I was the slave. He rolled over obediently. I went with him, never losing contact. Now David was on his back and I squatted over him. I understand that the man-below-the-woman posture is frowned upon by the Muslims. They regard it in utter dismay, believing that the male who indulges the woman this way is forever cursed. But the Hindus have a more realistic attitude toward this *purushayitabandha* position.

The woman can control the speed and tempo of the love act, poised upon her lover. Her body, being displayed to his gaze, adds to the pleasure of his senses. He watches her breasts sway and leap, as David was watching mine; his eyes delight themselves with the revolving bowl of her belly as it thrusts outward in a rounded dome or draws itself back to make a hollow below her ribs.

I slowed my movements. I sat quietly atop David while I said, "I may bring a special price in the slave markets, honey. I am what the Arabs call a 'kabbazah', which means a holder. Observe!"

My vaginae constrictor muscles were the only part of me that moved. I sat motionless otherwise, a faint smile on my lips. David was grunting, catching hold of the coverlets and squeezing them in his fingers as he fought the enjoyment which convulsed his big Viking body.

"Wha-what are you doing to me?" he growled.

"I am the Gopala-girl who milks the cow. Only I'm not using my fingers. Happy, lover?"

David was happy. Ecstatically so. I went on, "They pay big sums of money for a *kabbazah*. I'll earn somebody an extra free. By the by, who gets the money for my sale?"

"It goes to ch-charity. Eve—cut it out!"

I relaxed and lay forward on him so that my breasts mashed against his chest. I slid my legs over his and hooked my feet around his calves.

"You're going to miss me, David," I whispered into his ear.

"Don't I ever know it!"

Theoretically, this pose I now held, braced on my elbows on either side of David Anderjanian, is supposed to satisfy the female's motherly instincts, perhaps because the man can suckle her breasts at the same time. I was feeling anything but motherly, however. My hips were rotating in a steady circle. I was getting to the point where I was going to slide over the edge of reality.

"Da-David," I whimpered, my hips going mad.

"Yeah," he shouted, body arching.

I felt his hands on my upper arms, raising me. I was shaking so much I could never have made the move myself. David held me there while all the world blew up around us. I shuddered and screamed, David bellowed like the bull-man he was. It went on and on.

We slept for a little while. It had been a long trip from Washington to Casablanca and then on to Marrakesh, and we were both exhausted. British Intelligence could wait. Besides, I was in no hurry to become a *haremlık* slavegirl.

At quarter to seven, David slapped my behind.

"Up, love of my life. Arabia needs you."

"Mmmm," I dissented, pressing my tired flesh deeper into the coverlets. I could have slept forever. But L.U.S.T. needed my services. So I didn't kick or scratch when David grabbed my ankles and yanked me off the bed.

"Serviceable clothes, pet. Something in a light wool,"

David told me. He was half dressed, I saw, as he walked to his suitcase and fumbled around, lifting out a brown leather Dopp kit.

He brought out a charm bracelet that held half a dozen gold dangles. There was a beer barrel, a thick disc with a bull's head on it (I was born in May, my symbol is the bull for Taurus), a world globe, and inkpot and a fat round flask. David tossed it to me. I caught it, leaning across the bed.

"If you pulled all six of those dangles off the chains that hold them," he announced with a grin, "you could blow this hotel and everybody in it skyhigh."

I damn near dropped the trinket.

Then David reached in the Dopp kit again and produced a ring. It was a heavysset thing, a massive initial ring, with the letter E carved in its top.

David put his fingers to the sides of the signet. "Press these—hard—and you can fire tiny darts. Each dart has a fast-acting poison smeared on it. There are six darts. Don't waste 'em."

I caught the ring very gently, slipped it on my finger. "That all, boss?"

"Now get dressed," he chuckled. "Isn't that armament enough?"

It would have to do. So I chose a pair of black bikini pants, wriggled my loins into them, and slithered into a brassiere cut low enough so that most of my girl-girl treasures could be seen nestling comfortably in the black lace D cups. I pattered on bare feet across the room, bent to lift my Cantreze stockings and then sat on the vanity bench to slide my legs into them.

In about ten minutes, I looked like an American tourist lady, complete with shoulder bag and camera. The big ring on my finger and the charm bracelet were a necessary part of the American woman traveller, in the eyes of the world at large.

"Do we eat *diffa* in the hotel? Or in the Medina?" David asked, slipping a tie tac into his Thai silk Tucker.

"My, my we've been studying the travel booklets,

haven't we? Well, so have I, master. I know chopped grasshoppers happens to be an especial delicacy in the Medina so we'll eat our *diffa* right here in the hotel. It'll probably be my last good meal for a long time to come."

The Medina, in case you haven't been to Marrakesh lately, is the native quarter, Morocco's answer to the more famous Casbah in Algiers. It is crowded with blue-robed Berbers down from the Atlas Mountains to the south, Shleuhs bestriding donkeys and fondling the long-shafted knives at their belts, merchants in their *souks*, snake charm-ers and belly dancers. I would see the Medina later, where Major Hartley of British Intelligence was to meet us.

I was going to eat my last (maybe) meal at a table with china and glassware and a silver service handy to my fingers. Besides, I was hungry. Chopped grasshoppers just wouldn't fill the Drum stomach.

The Mamounia Hotel is the playground of the jet set in the winter months. It was the hangout of Sir Winston Churchill when that gentleman genius was vacationing. It is a most modern establishment, complete with swimming pool, and is considered the most famous hotel in all Morocco.

Its dining room is a marvel of carven white walls and slender pillars that blend with the boles of the black cypress trees visible through the glass doors at its far end. A maitre de seats you, then hovers over you as you make your selection of exotic foods like *couscous* or *bstila*, signals the wine steward with a snap of aristocratic fingers, and the waiters with an impatient gesture.

David decided, after a martini, that he was in the mood for lamb shish-kebab, while I settled for endives stuffed with beef and egg plant. We ordered a famous rosé wine, Gris de Boulaouane. We feasted on flaming crepes suzettes as a dessert.

Then we walked out into the warm evening as a cool wind blew over the Atlas Mountains and the massive walls of the old city to fan the streets of Marrakesh.

Marrakesh is a conglomerate of races and customs. The

European quarter—el Guelez—borders upon the Medina, so it was reasonably close to our modern Mamounia Hotel. We could have walked, but David insisted we take a carriage from among the many waiting along the Avenue de la Menara.

David selected an open carriage drawn by a lively grey mare. He handed me up, I settled myself on the sun-warmed leather cushions, and swayed as the carriage tilted to his weight. I stared up at the Bab Djedid gate, a horse-shoe arch in the reddish walls surrounding the old quarter of the city, listening to the wailing cry of a muezzin calling the faithful to prayer.

Marrakesh is located on the Haouz Plain, close to the Atlas Mountains some miles to the south. Centuries ago, it was no more than a collection of tents along the caravan routes curving northward from the Sahara to the coast. This may explain why Marrakesh, of all the cities of Morocco, is closest to the Berbers of the desert and to Black Africa as well.

It is swept by the *gibleh* wind, that brings sand from the vast Sahara, and by the *sirocco*, which is a hot, dry wind scented with sandalwood and myrrh. From December to April it rarely rains in Marrakesh, and the temperature stays in the dry, high sixties.

If I didn't have a job to do, I might have enjoyed myself even more. There was the cool night wind blowing down off the mountains and the clop-clop of the grey's hooves like a melody in our ears as we moved along the Avenue des Ramparts. We were on our way to the Place Djemaa el Fna, which is the hub of the Medina, a spot where East can and does meet West. A snake charmer ran alongside the carriage for a hundred feet, hand out, calling to us in French that his snakes were the fiercest in captivity, but that they would be delighted to perform for us, at a price. A water-carrier, a youthful guerrab clad in picturesque hat covered with brocade and a brocaded jockey, sang his wares in a shrill voice, informing his world that the water in the

fat goatskin he carried was pure as the desert wind, cool as the waters of Paradise, sweet as the kiss of an houri.

David ate it up. If we hadn't been on our way to meet the major, I'm sure he would have purchased half the things that were offered for sale in the souks that lined the big square. In ancient days the sultans of Morocco were wont to display the heads of their enemies impaled on long spears in the Place, which drew its name, the gathering place of the dead, from this gruesome fact.

At the edge of a narrow alleyway, the carriage driver drew rein. The streets of the old Medina were much too narrow for his vehicle. David paid him and helped me to the ground.

The women go veiled in the Marrakesh Medina, so my bare face drew stares from blue-burnoused Berbers and turbaned tradesmen. The sight of a female bare face is not so unusual today as it was some years ago, because many Turks have adopted western ways and customs, and most of the Arab countries, since they accept American and English dollars and pounds for their oil, must necessarily absorb some western manners as well.

These alleyways are narrow, they are festooned with rugs and carpets, copper pots and pans hanging from pegs, strings of herbs, fruit and vegetables making a faint scent of spices in the air. Moreover, they comprise a labyrinth of streets and byways in which one can get lost with absolutely no trouble at all. Men jostle one another, men jostle the women at times, and my behind seemed made for little pats and fingerings. I was ready to lay a karate chop or a judo hold upon one of half a dozen natives before David pointed to the El Mohaffa tavern.

We heard the clack of castanets and the pipings of reed flutes as we slipped past the rickety wooden door and into a dimness where wine smells and the odor of stale smoke came to make us welcome. There were fifty, maybe sixty low tables in the common room, together with a cleared space in which a woman was dancing.

She was bundled up in something dark blue, and her black hair was worn long, and set with tiny silver bells. Neither David nor I paid much attention to her. At first, that is. A man in a fez and a jellaba came to bow us to a table near the dancing girl. He clapped his hands and a woman in soft, silent babouches brought a pot filled with mint tea and poured for us.

It is the polite custom to drink three cups of tea before departing a home or inn when in Morocco. I braced myself and sipped. To my surprise, the beverage was delightful. I sat back and looked around me.

The dancing girl was moving around the cleared space, hips swaying rhythmically to the piping of the flutes. She looked as if she were bundled up against a cold winter, but as she slid closer on bare feet that slapped the floor and slid lazily to her serpentine movements, I caught a glimpse of her body here and there through the thin stuff of her garment.

Lamps were hung on chains from the ceiling beams, lamps that smoked and added their own peculiar smell to that of the wine and tobacco. There were half a dozen brass lamps on the floor near the flutists. I noticed that a murmur went up from the men seated about the tables when the woman paused before these floor lamps and wriggled her belly at them.

A few moments later, I found out why.

The woman was naked beneath her dark blue garment. The blue robe was sheer, transparent, but her skin was so blue her flesh blended in with the dyed material that shrouded her from neck to ankles. These desert dwellers are known as the blue people because the dye with which they tint their jellabas and caftans runs off onto their skin, giving it its peculiar color.

With the lamps behind her, an onlooker could see her nakedness fully in silhouette, and as the eye became accustomed to what was beneath the sheer robe, you saw also that her large nipples had been tinted scarlet with henna. Her garment was slit in several places so that her slim,

naked leg could be seen up as far as her groin. You caught a glimpse of shaking buttocks as she turned, and as she faced you, her belly revolved slowly, around and around, bare and warm and round.

She was dancing the sensuous *guedra*, her arms and hands taking as much a part in the rhythm as her naked feet and supple torso. The onlookers were clapping with more gusto as the woman whirled faster and faster.

Her long black hair was flying, the colored beads she wore about her neck standing straight out. She was a human top, twirling so swiftly that her loose robes began to rise and stand out like the beads. Soon the blue garment parted and flared out parallel to the floor, held only at the neck and her slim waist.

The woman was now stark naked, crying out with a soft, inviting voice. She was eternal femininity, her nudity was doing what it was supposed to do, arouse the concupiscence of the men who stared so hotly at her hairy loins and shapely legs, at her undulating belly and jouncing breasts.

A man cried out thickly in the dim room.

Somebody jammed a gun into my belly.

I gasped, staring down at the muzzle of the gun that was held against me. I had been so caught up in the *guedra* that I had forgotten where I was and why I was here.

A voice whispered, "Come, ma'amselle!" *Partons!*"

"What? Oh!"

I was sitting alone at the table. David Anderjanian was no longer beside me. I felt odd that he could have slipped away without my seeing him, but I guess the *guedra* dancer had held me mesmerized. I pushed back from the table, nodding.

I flashed one glance at the man with the gun pressed into my sides. He was a short, dark man in a white jellaba, a brocade cap on his head. He was no European, I took him for a native. There were a few tangled hairs along his chin and lower jaw, as if he were trying to grow a beard. His eyes were black, intense.

His head moved. I slipped past him, moving easily, com-

pletely unconcerned. Several men were mutttering angrily at the interruption. The dancer was reaching her climax on the cleared space that served as a stage. I threw a glance back over my shoulder.

She was rotating so swiftly you could see little of her body. Then she must have pulled a string, for the upper part of her robe went flying off to her left while the lower part tore free and rose through the air by the centrifugal force of her rotation, fluttering limply to the floor three feet away.

The woman stood nude, except for the silver bracelets on her arms and the belled anklets. Her breasts were rising and falling to her panted breathing, nipples a startling red against her blued flesh. Her belly was sucked in so as to emphasize the protrusion of the dark thatch of hair between her quivering thighs. She was sensual, she was female, she was eternal sex.

I thrust back the thin curtain with a hand and moved out into the street. It was very dark along these alleyways; the blackness was relieved only by an occasional oil lamp. The wind that had come up earlier off the Sahara to the south had gone now, and left a film of heat across the city.

The gun at my spine nudged me forward.

We walked about a hundred yards, then the man at my back said, "*Arretez!*" I stopped. His free hand went to a length of rope. Faintly, from behind a painted floor, I heard the chime of bells.

The door swung inward on a narrow corridor. A manservant was bowing, murmuring, "Please to enter, ma'amselle." I pleased to enter, and moved along the corridor until a large room, well lighted by electric light bulbs, opened before me.

A man in his middle forties, clad in a white seersucker suit that could not disguise the fact that he had worn a military uniform most of his life, came to his feet at sight of me. His face was a nut-brown, his eyes a vivid blue.

"*Bon soir, ma'amselle,*" he smiled, gesturing at a chair. "No names are necessary, between us. Would you care for

tea? Coffee? Something stronger? Like whiskey—scotch, to you Yanks, that is."

"Scotch," I smiled. "On ice, if possible."

Major Alexander Hartley inclined his head, speaking gibberish to the manservant who bowed his way out. Then the major turned and smiled at me.

"Miss Drum, do you know what you're letting yourself in for?"

His face was kindly beneath the lines that told of long years of military discipline. His face was tanned the color of old leather, his eyes squinted as a matter of habit against suns long since forgotten. His moustache was a pale brown, as was his long uncut hair.

"I think so," I answered lightly. "David Anderjanian mentioned that I was going to be sold into white slavery." I hesitated, then added, "He was pulling my leg, wasn't he?"

"Pulling your leg? Ah! An Americanism. Well, not really, no. Interpol—the International Criminal Police Organization—assures us that slavery exists today in the Arab countries, and that each year thousands of Spanish, Italian and Greek girls are sold at the slave markets of Beirut and Aleppo to the sheikhs and rich merchants of the Near Eastern countries.

"Interpol works with more than sixty nations in Europe, Africa, North and South America. Its headquarters is on the rue Paul Vallery in Paris, where its official records are kept. The value of Interpol is that it bypasses diplomatic red tape—such as requesting an embassy in Brazil, for instance, to check the locality of a thief who fled from London, which would take months through routine channels—to enable the police of a nation to work closely with the police of any other nation.

"I explain Interpol because it is necessary to a complete understanding of the case in which you are to be sold into slavery."

He smiled and reached for an English cigarette. He lighted it, drew in smoke, and let it escape slowly. His

tanned hand made a slow gesture as he reached for the scotch set before him.

"As for slavery, be assured its exists. Quite often, under the guise of employment as a cabaret dancer or singer in Aleppo, a German or a French girl may be signed up for appearances in the Near East. If she has her union card, fine; if she does not, one is quickly issued to her. Once in Lebanon or Syria, she often drops out of sight, to reappear as part of some harem in Damascus or Baghdad. A more direct way is to keep a girl under observation to discover if a big fuss will be raised if she disappears. If it's deemed safe enough, she is kidnapped—say, from Naples—and brought to Algiers or Tunis or Marraskesh."

Major Hartley looked glum. "She is fed drugs to increase her sexuality. A succession of men are brought to her, to soften up her will and teach her certain sex positions which the western world regards as perverted, but which are very popular in the Arab countries."

The major was flushing slightly. He cleared his throat, not looking at me. He said brusquely, "These are the normal ways of handling girls taken for slavery. And prostitution, of course." He smiled faintly. "Working together, British Intelligence and Interpol has set up its own counter-slavery unit, which includes an agency that can smuggle slaves into Arab countries—as spies.

"You will be one of those slave-spies."

I nodded, then to ease the obvious embarrassment of the major, I said, "I've been around, major. I know which end is up. I'm not going into this caper wet behind the earlobes."

He laughed gruffly. "Good! L.U.S.T. has picked well in you, Miss Drum. I have been assured that you can take care of yourself. Judo and all that, you know."

When I had confirmed the report, he went on more slowly, "Believe me, we aren't taking this step lightly. Only the most serious situation would make us sell a woman into white slavery. But we know almost positively that—

"Well, let me begin with Ahmed Asakir, a policeman of

Yemen. One day a British patrol found him lying shot, beaten and senseless at the edge of a road. He was almost dead. Only prompt medical care saved his life. Asakir told a story of having overheard part of a plan to blow up the Kaaba, the cube-shaped building covered with a black cloth woven each year in Egypt. It's the holiest object in the Arab world."

I straightened. "There's a meteorite inside it, isn't there? A black stone which, according to tradition, was given to Abraham by the angel Gabriel? Pilgrims to Mecca kiss it as Christians kiss a crucifix?"

"That's it. Notice that this isn't an Israeli plot—but an Arab plan. Just as H.A.T.E.—the Humanitarian Alliance for Total Espionage—functions in Europe and D.R.A.G.O.N.—the Dedicated Red Army Guards of Nanking—in the Far East, so A.L.L.A.H. works in the Arab world. A L.L.A.H. stands for the Arab League of Loyal Agents of Hate.

"Now A.L.L.A.H. is very much frowned up by the governments of the Arab countries. The trouble is A.L.L.A.H. has begun a reign of terror, murdering men in high position so as to throw a pall of fear across its territories, as the Assassins did some centuries ago. Few Arab leaders want to come out against it, for fear of being assassinated.

"However, we have been assured—our governments, that is—that if we can expose and prevent this mad plan to blow up the Kaaba, the Arab countries will work hand in glove with us in smashing A L.L.A.H. This is where you come in."

The overhead electric light bulb flickered as an auxiliary motor fed juice to an electric fan. It was close in this back room, and two big ceiling fans began to rotate as the major pressed a switch. The fans only swished the warm air around, but it felt a little more comfortable.

"Our organization will transport you to Beirut. You will be sold in the slave market, but you will be bought by one of our Arab agents. He in turn will 'sell' you to a man suspected of being a highly located A.L.L.A.H. agent. From then on, you're on your own. If you can learn about

the blow to destroy the Kaaba, you will contact us or Interpol or even the Arab police. They will try to prevent its happening."

"Is that all?" I asked.

He smiled wryly. "It's a large order, I know. We can't send a man. The American government offered you, as a compliment to your fine work on a number of other occasions. You can always refuse."

There was a wistfulness in his voice, as if he hoped I would not. I shook my head back and forth, slowly.

"Oh, I won't refuse. The only thing is, why is this blowing up the Kaaba so important to the United States? And to England, naturally, as well?"

Major Hartley looked shocked. "You must be joking! I won't go into the history of the Israeli and Arab relationship, other than to tell you that ever since the nation of Israel was founded in 1948 by mandate of the United Nations, the Arab world has done its best—and worst—to try and eradicate it. The war of '56 and the recent six-day debacle for the Arabs is proof enough for that.

"Now what A.L.L.A.H. wants to do is cause a *jihad*—a holy war. The black stone of Mecca is the holiest object in the Arab world. If it should be bombed—I am sure some poor devil of an Israeli would be brainwashed into admitting the attempt—the entire Near East will rise up. A.L.L.A.H. means to drag Russia, the United States, and all of Europe into the conflict.

"Thus we have World War III.

"Is this reason enough for you, Miss Drum?"

It was indeed. I was familiar with the story of the 'blitzkrieg'. Like the rest of the world, I had been awed by the swift military victory the Israelis had won. But now the vengeful Arabs—or a few of them, anyhow—wanted to drag the whole world into their feud, and by the destruction of the Kaaba, trigger off World War III.

"But would an Arab commit such a sacrilege?" I wondered.

"Where fanaticism is concerned, where hate of others

masters love of God, anything can happen. Once before, the world teeter-tottered on the brink of a third world war because of religion. Back in 1964, when a hair of the Prophet Mohammed's beard disappeared from a shrine, India and Pakistan came close to acting as the trigger set off that war. The Sepoy Mutiny in 1857 began because Brahmin soldiers were issued bullets smeared with pig fat, which was anathema to them as good Hindus.

"The things that have been done in the name of religion! It makes a man sweat in fear, Miss Drum. As the whole western world sweats in fear that A.L.L.A.H. will succeed in its project."

I tried to reassure him. "It won't succeed—if I can help it."

"Ah, but can you help it? One lone girl—against A.L.L.A.H.? We fight with slender weapons."

"Is that a compliment, major?"

For the first time he looked at me as a woman, taking in as much as he could see of my body. He flushed a little, smiled and nodded.

"It is, Miss Drum. I hope you are as potent a spy as you are a woman."

I rose to my feet. The major followed, coming around the edge of the desk. "I'll walk with you a little way. Our organization is going to make the snatch, as you Yanks term a kidnapping, not far from here."

I walked toward my future as a white slave.

Chapter TWO

The moon made silver of the cobblestones in the Medina alley. It touched the arched doorways of the native quarter, it made the hanging rugs and jute baggings gleam with radiance, it seemed to hold the wail of a derbouka in its spell, as we walked along.

The moonlight also touched the barrel of a gun poking at us from around the corner of a building. I blinked, thinking I was hallucinating. The sun ran red at its muzzle and Major Hartley gave a little sigh. Men in white jellabas and with tarbooshes on their heads came spring out of the shadows, straight for me.

"Major Hartley! Major, is this part of your operational procedure? I think—"

The major was leaning against a whitewashed wall, a hand to his middle. There was a blackish ooze running over his fingers. Blood looks black by moonlight.

"Not—our crowd," he whispered, sliding down the wall.

I turned from the major, I dodged a fist that swung for me, I reached out to catch that wrist and forearm, I slammed my other hand into the neck of my foremost assailant. I kicked my right leg between his calves and rammed my high heel into his ankle. His cry of pain sounded in my ear, but I was bending, applying pressure for the inner thigh throw, the *unchi mata*.

The man went over sideways on his back. As he was falling I kicked him in the throat with the pointed toe of a shoe. I dropped with him, hitting a second attacker in a

body block like a Big Ten fullback. My hand went out, found the gun my first attacker had dropped.

The gun came up and spat hot lead into the belly of a third man. I swivelled and fired at at fourth, a fifth. The man I'd thrown the body block at was spitting curses in Arabic as he came for me. I guess he thought he was in a nightmare. No woman could be doing this to half a dozen of Allah's chosen!

A woman was doing it. And enjoying it.

I shot number three between the eyes. He screeched and stiffened in muscular reflex, then fell facedown on the cobblestones. I was still on my knees with a couple of dead bodies half hiding my gams as I crouched low. I told myself I made too good a target, perched as I was on my dimpled knees. I slid forward like a snake, gun in hand and my eyes moving here and there.

Five men were dead. Good enough, as far as it went. But were there any more of them? The street was oddly silent. I suppose A.L.L.A.H. had declared a curfew for this section of the Medina. And everybody who was a sane, sensible man was observing it with almost religious fanaticism.

I waited for maybe three minutes.

I eased myself upward into the moonlight, but I was looking like crazy for any more of these medina musclemen. Nobody. I breathed a sigh of relief and ran toward Major Hartley.

His eyes opened as I touched him.

"No use. I've had it," he breathed. His lips quirked in a little grin. "I guess maybe the Yanks knew what they were doing when they sent you over here. You're a blooming bomb going off when you fight. Crikey!"

I tried to stem the flow of blood from his lips with my handkerchief but he only smiled and shook his head. "Better get out of here, Miss Drum. There'll be another bunch of those Allah-boys around to make another try for you if you don't."

He drew a deep breath, grimaced with pain, then

whispered, "Took me before I was really expecting trouble. Thought our bunch would have been along before now. Something must have—held them up. You'd better—go—fifty-seven twelve rue Semmarine. And hurry, Yank. The ..."

The major shuddered. His head went back and his body arched. Then he rolled over and lay on his side, staring blindly at a cockroach running across a cobblestone. I reached out, gently closed his eyes.

I rose to my feet. I was on my own again, as I so often was, working for L.U.S.T. Well, I liked it that way. I only had to worry about my own skin, nobody else's. I bent and lifted another gun from a fallen A.L.L.A.H. agent. I wondered where David Anderjanian had gone. Probably back to the hotel, the louse.

The two Belgian Browning automatics balanced me. I began to move swiftly alongside the building walls, guns stuck out before me. If I saw so much as a shadow, I would bang away. Chills were racing up and down my spine on icy feet. I was marooned in the native quarter of a North African city, up to my smooth little neck in danger, and I had no more idea of where the Rue Semmarine might be located than I had of what the darkside of the Moon looked like.

I started searching for street signs. Ha! Might as well look for a squad of American marines. I saw a man up ahead of me shuffling along with his head bent. He was no tourist guide, but he might know something.

"Hey!" I shouted. "*Que est le Rue Semmarine?*"

He turned, saw me trotting toward him with my hand filled with blue-metalled automatics in my fists, and started to run.

"The hell with you, too," I snarled.

I ran after him, having nothing else to do. "*Arretez! Damn your hide—stop!*"

I sent a leaden bullet ahead of him. It chipped white brickwork off a wall, slapping some of the chips in his face. He slid to a halt, turning and lifting his arms high.

"No shoot! No shoot!" he screeched.

He spoke English of sorts, then. I felt I was halfway home. I trotted up to him, repeating my question.

"Rue Semmarine? There! There!"

His arm pointed toward an intersecting street about fifty feet away. I looked at him, asking, "*Vraiment?* Are you sure?"

His head bobbed. "*Oui, oui!* Sure! Sure!"

I gestured him off, and he ran. Then I walked the fifty feet to the Rue Semmarine. It looked like any other street in the Medina. The smell of fruits and cooked lamb hung oppressively in the air. I could see, in an upper story window, the faint radiance of a lamp.

There were doorways set into the walls, dark recesses that blended with the shadows and the blacknesses which were the bottom story windows. I drew a deep breath and edged forward. I passed three doors. There were no numbers on any of them. I began to feel sorry for Marrakesh mailmen, if there were any such people.

I was moving past the fourth door when it opened.

Something thick and fuzzy fell over my head. Something strong and solid went around my hips and my upper torso. I identified each as a Moroccan blanket and arms like steel bands. I kicked out. I heard an indrawn breath, I heard a curse. Then more and more of my unseen attackers—under the Moroccan *hanbel*, everything was dark around me—rammed into my girlish body. Lean men, they were; they felt as if they were made of bone and whipcord. My elbow slashed into a hard belly, I brought my knee up into a crotch and heard a thick scream; but there were too many of them.

I went backward, landing on and skidding along the cobblestones. The breath was half gone from my lungs but I bucked and arched as savagely as I could. My hands and arms, my teeth, were hampered by the shrouding blanket that strong arms held over my head and shoulders and which extended to my hips. I had no chance to use my gold

dart-ring. And I most certainly wasn't going to blow myself up by yanking loose one of my gold dangles.

Somebody reached between my thighs, caught hold of my tender flesh and twisted. I screamed in agony, my legs flailed out. Other hands caught my legs, yanking them wide. Now another hand came to join the first until I wanted to die from the agony they were causing me.

I no longer fought them. I had all I could do to keep from passing out. I was weeping and sobbing when they lifted me to my feet. My entire body was shaking like I had a fit. I could scarcely stand, I was so weak from pain and exhaustion. Something cuffed my head, again and again. I stumbled and fell, skinning my knees on the stones. I went on crying.

Then a voice cursed in Arabic and I was hoisted up onto a shoulder. Whoever held me began to run at a dog-trot through the Medina alleyways. I felt my arms and legs flapping behind and before the man who carried me. I felt like a chunk of prime beef on its way to market.

In a sense, that's just what I was. Woman meat. Female flesh to be sold to the highest bidder. Only I didn't know it then.

A door opened. Through the thick stuff of the blanket around me, I grew aware of light, and voices, and from somewhere the thin, shrill music of a reed flute. My skirt was pushed up. I felt a needle thrust into my behind. I fell asleep.

I woke to the flickering flame of an oil lamp. The flute was wailing from somewhere below me. I lay on a low cot in a room with whitewashed walls, roomy and airy enough, with a latticework stone grille letting in a soft breeze off the Haouz plain, scented with flowering lemon trees and the delicate odors of an orange grove.

I was naked. The moonlight shining through the lattice made black shadows on my breasts and belly. I moved my leg, watched the tracery move along it until it became lost in the golden puff at my groin. I should have risen to my

feet, made some attempt at escape, but there was a languor in my blood. I began to think I had been doped.

A door opened, a yellow trail of light ran across the floor to the edge of my cot. A fat man came into the room. When he saw my eyes were open, he moved closer, smiling down at me.

"Ah, my pretty one! All slept out, huh?"

He put his big paw on my thigh and ran it all the way up. I squirmed slowly, too lazy to evade his rough palm and fingers. His eyes stared down at what his hand was doing.

"Real golden hair. Ah, you'll fetch a fortune, you will, my *wuseefeh*! Old Selim will make money out of you." He chuckled thickly. "The fifty dinhars you cost me will be repaid a thousand times before I'm done with you."

I writhed to the touch of his hand. I was aware that I was a lady from L.U.S.T., I knew that I had been abducted by white slavers. I just didn't care. Whatever drug had been shot into my veins by that needle in my buttock had wrecked my will.

I giggled. Selim laughed, "You like it, don't you—the *sihhaq*, I mean. Yes, yes. You are a born *aulimeh*, the female well-versed in the art of pleasure. Are you also a *helaubeh*? A *kabbazah*? I will find out, soon enough."

He moved away, belly swaying under his jellaba, toward a small table fitted with a tray that held a number of bottles filled with liquid. He lifted a hypodermic needle, placed a bit of cotton in a bowl and cleansed the hypo needle. Then he inserted the thin steel needle through a rubber covering and into a clear liquid in a squat flask.

I saw him turn, come back to me.

Through half closed eyes, I watched the needle dart toward my hip. It went in and fat Selim depressed the plunger. Then he drew out the needle and patted my right buttock, making the flesh shake.

"Sleep now, pet. When you wake, I will send in Tamar."

I closed my eyes. Brilliant streaks of color had been painted inside my eyelids, splashes of red and green and

yellow that merged and slid apart like the crystals of an old-fashioned kaleidoscope. I wondered vaguely who had been able to tint my inner lids in such a manner—

My eyelids turned to mist. Red mist, through which I saw a naked youth running along a beach to meet a girl painted like a rainbow. Her nipples were green, her thighs were red and yellow, her belly was splotched in purple, white and black. I thought her the most beautiful thing I had ever seen. She had long yellow hair that hung down to her buttocks. Only after a long time did I realize that I was looking at myself.

I was running, faster and faster, yet getting nowhere. I could feel sand beneath my feet, I smelled the salt sea, I heard the cries of the handsome youth racing toward me. I loved the young man, though I did not know his name. I ran faster.

Then out of the sea the creatures came, ugly and bent and monstrous. They caught my lover before I could reach him and they pulled him apart, clawed and webbed hands on his arms and legs, lifting him high into the air so I could see his pale body arching helplessly in agony as first one arm then the other was ripped from its socket. I screamed and screamed, but the sea-beings went on tearing off his legs, leaving him only a limbless trunk, bleeding to death on the sands at my feet.

The blood flowed and tinted the sand, and from the bloody grains came a sweet red perfume that curled up around my nakedness, teasing and titillating my flesh. I writhed and fought that perfume, but it was alive. Alive! It caressed, it sucked at me, it bit me gently. I shuddered in ecstasy.

I cried out in my pleasure.

A voice whispered, "She is alive in all her body, this one. Do you see, Selim, how well she is equipped for pleasure. A regular *kehbeh*!"

"A whore? Not this one! She's a lady traveler."

"I don't care what she is. It's her instincts I'm speaking about. Look—watch as I . . ."

The red perfume was twining about my quivering thighs as I stood spraddle-legged on the shore. It kissed me, it nibbled, it drove me wild with desire. I lifted my face to the blue sky, I wailed out my flesh-love. My hips flailed the air as the red perfume invaded me and drove me absolutely mad.

The sky came down and kissed me. The sands reached up grainy palms and stroked my buttocks. All the while the red perfume drove and thrust and my mouth shrieked out my slavery to this errie lover.

I dropped to the sand, I rolled over on my back.

My thighs were wide apart.

But the red perfume was gone and I lay alone in erotic emptiness. I whimpered. I clawed the sand. I saw a cloud come down to brush against me, singing sweet lullabies to Eros. The cloud did not please me as the red perfume had done, so I lashed out at it, clawed it, kicked it with my feet.

The cloud grew angry. It nipped me with its toothy edges. The cloud hurt me. I began to cry, and my tears stung like fire.

A man came walking along the beach, naked but painted in thousands of tiny red and blue and green dots so that he looked like a Seurat painting. He was a big, strong man, and he was erotically aroused. He saw me, he changed his angle of walk to stand over me a moment, staring down at my naked readiness.

He hurled himself on me, taking me.

His maleness stung like wasps, all along my inner self. I screamed. I tried to fight him, but I was curiously weak. He went on and on, and I kept on shrieking in my agony that seemed without an ending. . . .

I woke drenched in sweat, in a room lighted by a brass oil lamp, with the coverlets twisted about my unclad body. My flesh still ached, but the sharpness of my agony was gone as if my dream man had left me. I lay there and stared at the stone grillework, seeing pale daylight beyond it.

The lethargy in me was gone, also.

The effects of the drug Selim had needled into me had

worn off. I was Eve Drum again, the lady from L.U.S.T. My muscles were exhausted, as if I had been taken by a succession of lovers. I wondered if my drugged dreams had mirrored a reality which had taken place on the cot while I was off somewhere in never-never land.

I ran wet palms down my sweating belly and between my tired thighs. I found that I was sore, bruised, extremely sensitive to the slightest touch. I whimpered and squeezed my legs together.

Well, I knew one thing. I had not fallen into the hands of the good guys, the white slavers who were working hand in glove with Interpol and British Intelligence. I wondered if I could fight my way out of this bind.

The more I thought about it, the more hopeless I felt. David Anderjanian was on his way to the States in a big Pan Am jet, Alexander Hartley lay dead in a Marrakesh gutter, and yours truly was naked on a cot, being trained to be an Arab harlot by real pros. From what fat Selim had hinted, I would be worth a lot of *dirhams* to the Marrakesh mob, so I wouldn't be able to bribe myself to freedom.

I rolled over and lifting my legs in the air, put my feet on the woven straw mat that covered half the floor. I tried to stand up, and sat down again. My legs hurt, too. I drew a deep breath, forced myself to stand. I walked around the room a dozen times until I began to feel more like my old self.

Peering through the stone latticework, I could see a long stretch of sand reaching off into the distance. The air was fresh and cool with early morning. My belly felt numb with emptiness. I realized it had been a long time since I had eaten.

The white slavers were not going to let me starve. My body was too valuable. So I perched on the edge of the cot and tried to think out my situation while waiting for breakfast. It was over two hours before my captors decided that maybe I might like to exercise my choppers.

A wooden door opened and a woman came in. She halted

at sight of me sitting on the edge of the bed. She was Moroccan, with a dusky skin and long black hair falling untended about her shoulders. Her eyelids were blued, and there was lipstick on her generous mouth. She was wearing the traditional *serwal*, those female trousers which are loose and baggy but transparent enough so you can see the shape of the legs beneath them when the wearer stands before a strong light. I could make out her flesh tints under her thin camys, a linen blouse decorated with blue stitching. It was an informal dress; most Moroccan women also wear a *kaf-tan*—a loose robe buttoning down the front and extending from throat to ankles—over the blouse and *serwal*.

She tensed, apparently thinking I was going to come at her like a hurricane in season. I smiled and waved an arm.

"Hi! What's on the menu?" When I saw her puzzlement, I asked, "*Donnez-moi la carte, s'il vous plait.*"

She was still suspicious, but she told me in broken French, that there would be boiled eggs and *kesrah*, a sort of sweet bread, together with hot chocolate or coffee, whichever I preferred. She turned to walk out the door, but swung to stare hard at me.

"You're very calm," she muttered, almost to herself. "If you think you're going to get away, think again. The house is very well guarded."

I shrugged, making my breasts bounce. The woman looked at them, and the tip of her tongue flicked across her lips. "I came here looking for some fun," I grinned at her. "I think I've found it."

"Fun? You call white slavery fun?" She was still suspicious, so I spread my thighs, attracting her glance, and leaned back on my elbows.

"I've just come from boredsville, honey. At least you're offering something new and different."

The woman shook her head dazedly. Twice she opened her mouth to speak, then shrugged her shoulders and almost ran out the door. The door slammed behind her. I heard a bolt being drawn.

She would spread the word about the American kook up in room 210, or whatever number it was. Maybe if they thought I was kinky, I might flake out of here one of these nights.

When she came back with the boiled eggs and *kesrah*, I patted the rumpled cot covers. "Come on, sit down," I invited, reaching for a wooden spoon. "I won't bit. Besides, I'd like a little girl-talk."

She put her rump on the mattress as far from me as she could get. I could see the dark circles of her nipples through the sheer stuff of her blouse, and watched the way her breasts swung as she moved her body. She was eying my knockers, so I figured turnabout was fair play.

"What are they going to do with me?" I asked.

"Sell you, of course. You will fetch a great price, being both blonde and beautiful. We don't often get anybody like you."

"Where's the marketplace? Here in Morocco?"

"Oh, no. Beirut, in Lebanon."

I ate my eggs like a good little slavey. But I was thinking hard with every mouthful. We secret agents have to change plans in a hurry, lots of times. I was going to change mine, or maybe I was having them changed for me.

The good guy white slavers had intended to sell me in Beirut, too. So what was the difference who sold me? I would play along with these body merchants until I got to Beirut. I was hoping that somewhere along the way, an opportunity might come knocking once or twice.

I drank the black Turkish coffee. It was bitter, but I would have plenty of time for good old American java, once I got out of this bind. I set myself to get out of it.

I stood naked in front of the woman, stretching. My nipples pointed right at her, and my belly was a white bowl moving in and down with my breathing two feet from her eyes. Her gaze went up and down from my throat to my knees, pausing here and there to drink in the sights.

"What's your name? *Votre nom?*"

"Tamar. *Et tu?*"

"Eve. Like from the garden of Eden, you know?"

She smiled slightly and glanced beyond me at the closed door. She was nervous; fearing discovery, I assumed. Maybe she wasn't supposed to fraternize with the slaves.

I said softly, "Go ahead, honey."

Her eyes lifted to lock with mine. They were a brilliant black, with fire smouldering behind their pupils. The blued eyelids, the dusky skin, the full mouth, were signs that Tamar was as feverish of nature as the hot simoon that swept the wastes of her native Moroccan deserts.

To encourage her, I bent and made my breasts sway back and forth, inches from those eyes. She drew a deep breath and let her tonguetip protrude between her lips.

"There isn't time," she whispered.

"Fat Selim's coming, isn't he?" I breathed.

She nodded. I knelt down and leaned forward with my forearms braced on her thighs. My hands were free so I moved my fingernails lightly across her belly. Tamar moaned and her blue eyelids fell.

"He's going to stick another needle in me, isn't he?" I saw her nod. I leaned still further and touched the nipple of her left breast with my lips, drawing it between them, blouse and all. I asked softly. "Then what?"

"You will sleep and dream."

"And?"

My teeth bit down, gently. Her nipple was thick and hard as rubber. Tamar groaned and writhed her body forward to the very edge of the mattress. I lifted my forearms off her thighs, and reached between them to caress her. She gasped, she made a whimpering sound deep in her throat. Her head went back and forth, making her glossy black hair swing like ebon whips across her shoulders. "Nothing. Just the drug, day after day," she panted, hips quivering uncontrollably.

"Until I won't care what anybody does to me? Until I'll live only for the needle?"

She bit her lower lip, nodding her head. Her eyes were still closed. She said, "The drug builds a heat in your '*anah*' which will only be satisfied by much *dok*."

"In other words, you're going to turn me into a lover girl. An *aulimeh*." I hesitated a moment, then added, "You don't have to use the drug, you know. I'm clued in to fun."

"Selim administers the drug."

"And Selim is a eunucch, isn't he?"

Her head went up and down. Her white teeth were sunk deep in her lower lip, and her hips were going around and around, lazily, on the edge of the cot. I congratulated myself on picking Tamar and not Selim for what I had in mind.

I took away my hands. Her eyes opened and those black irises pleaded with me. I smiled and jerked a head at the table with the vials and the hypo needle on it.

"Suppose Selim doesn't inject the drug in me? Suppose it's only water he jabs me with?"

She held her breath, turning her eyes toward the inlaid table of pearl and ebony. "You would not sleep, you would not dream."

My hands moved up and down her inner thighs, scraping the sheer stuff of her *serwal* against her skin. She shivered and stared at me with wide eyes.

"I would be awake when you returned to me," I murmured.

Tamar shook her head. "No. I wouldn't dare. I would suffer the red death—*el maut ahmar*—in which a person is flayed alive. I saw a man flayed once, when I was a little girl. I shall never forget his screams. No, no. I wouldn't dare."

I laughed softly. "And who's to know?"

She stared at me, breathing harshly from the heat that bit in her. Under the blouse her breasts were big and hard. "Wha—what do you mean?"

"I'm not going to tell. Neither are you. If anybody should walk in on us—I would pretend to be dreaming and strug-

gling. You merely heard my cries and rushed in to subdue me."

I put my hands on her breasts and fondled them. Her nipples were very large and erect. I felt her shiver through my palms. "If your clothes are disarranged, you simply tore them wrestling with me, trying to calm me down."

Slyness grew in her black eyes. At last she nodded, breathing, "It might work. Nobody ever comes here but Selim, really. And Selim might be made to understand—in case he got suspicious." Her head moved toward the pearl and table. "It will be simple enough to fool him, I will replace the *imsak* in the vial with water."

"What's this *imsak*?" I wondered.

"It's made from *bhang*—hasish—which is supposed to make one so eager to engage in *dok* it almost drives one mad. Some say there are no aphrodisiacal qualities to hashish, other than the erotic dreams it brings. So to make sure, we add a little cantharides—your Spanish fly."

Tamar ran her fingers gently over my breasts. "The result of this *imsak* is *kayf*, ecstasy. A man may deflower eighty virgins, he may sustain his excitement for days on end. As with a man, so with a woman. She is in continual rut, she is always moist, ready for her lover.

"And with her lust, there is the delicate languor that is like the waking-up from pleasant sleep. One does not want to move, one is content to lie there and let her body enjoy the caresses and the kisses. She is in the state of *shogeh*, in which she is no more than an animal."

I remembered my dreams in which the red perfume and the cloud had made love to me. I nodded slowly.

She reached out, caught hold of me, drew me between her thighs. Her red fruit of a mouth opened and engulfed my lips. The kiss was heady, she was an expert with her mouth, and her tongue was a wet lash goading my flesh to desire as it thrust and withdrew between my lips.

Her hands slid down my naked back, and then her fingers were sinking into my buttocks and she urged me closer to

her belly. I felt a hardness against me as her breathing increased while her arms tightened about me.

"My *zemboor*," she pleaded. "Touch it!"

I put my hands to her middle and did as she asked, listening to her erotic cries as her hips went back and forth in a kind of belly dance. Arab women are quite often circumcised as are their men, for the Arabs believe that to cut off the clitoris is to make the woman more lustful for the male member. In a form of compensation for the loss of her organ, The Arab woman quite often develops nymphomania. One man is rarely enough to satisfy her flesh hungers. This surgical operation is carried out by the older women of the tribe, and is called *el tebzeer*. In Egypt, these *dahireh* wander the streets, shouting out their profession quite openly in the hope of attracting customers.

Nobody had taken a razor to Tamar. She was quite uncircumcised, and proud of the fact. Mouth open, blued eyelids squeezed shut, she panted like a bellows as she made her moist offering to Eblis, thighs squeezing me between them.

After a time she opened her eyes and smiled.

"I will make the change now, since Selim will come soon to inject you." She patted my cheek. "Then I will come back and you and I shall play at *lisaun-fee-gubb* the rest of the day and into the night." She sighed, "I did not realize how much I have missed. We will make up for it, you and I."

She rose gracefully to her feet and moved toward the little table. Her hips swung with the characteristic jounce which the Arabs call *ghenujeh*, in which the buttocks and the haunches serve as magnets to the eyes. She turned her head and looked back over her shoulder at me, and her teeth flashed between her large red lips.

Her hand closed around the bottle of *imsak*. Still smiling, she carried it to a ceramic basin and emptied its contents. Lifting a water bottle, she refilled it to the level

marked by her forefinger. Then she put it back on the table.

"I will go now," she told me. "Lie down on the bed, pretend to be still sleepy. Most girls are, after their initial dose of *bhang*. You have unusual powers of recovery."

Her soft palm touched my buttocks, patting them. Then she moved past me to the door, stepped out into the hall. I went to the bed and lay down. If I was supposed to be sleepy when fat Selim came in to drug me, I would.

Selim grinned at me when he came in. I let my eyelids droop, I faked sleepiness. He suspected nothing. He filled his hypodermic with water and squirted it into me. I lay flabby and senseless before him, sprawled out with complete disregard for modesty.

Selim chuckled and I felt the cot sag under his weight. His thick hands went up my thigh and sideways. I squirmed to his fingerplay, whimpering as if to an exciting dream. I remembered how Tamar had assured me Selim was a eunuch, but I also remembered reading how eunuchs sometimes served the harem women of the Arab countries.

I waited, eyes closed, for the fat man to make a move. But I guess the red death scared him as much as it did Tamar. He sighed and his weight went away from the cot. In a moment I heard the door close softly.

I lay there, waiting for Tamar. The fingerplay had excited my flesh, just as the drug Selim was to have injected would have done. I wriggled a little, trying to get comfortable. I told myself I was on a L.U.S.T. mission, that nobody on my side knew where I was, or even if I was alive. I would be written off as one more casualty in the cold war.

I felt pretty much alive for a casualty. My thighs stirred, they closed tightly, squeezing, then opened wide. "Tamar," I breathed. "Where the hell are you, honey?"

I turned on my side, feeling the drag of my breasts as they slid toward the covers. My nipples were huge brown cones, rigid with desire.

The door opened.

Two men came into the room. They were dark of skin, they were Berber tribesmen. They were clad only in *ghendurehs*, white linen undershirts, and they were excited.

They walked toward me where I lay naked on the cot.

Chapter THREE

They came at me with their flesh aroused by the doses of *imsak* they had taken. The taller man, whose *ghendureh* came just below his navel, threw himself on top of me, sinking his fingers into my buttocks as his *zubb* also sank within me. He caught me, rolled over, and his companion fell on me in the classical Arabian *istaneh* position, from behind.

I was a living sandwich between the *bhanga* boys.

Under laboratory tests, *bhanga*—Indian hemp or hashish—has no aphrodisiacal qualities. Yet even science admits that to the Arab, to the Indian, the Persian, the Turk, *bhanga* is just what they say it is. Made from the *cannabis indica* plant, the same plant from which marijuana is made, it can be smoked, chewed or drunk as a liquid. The name derives from the Arabic word *hashishin*, which means 'hemp eaters'.

The leaves of the Indian hemp plant are resinous. When dried and mixed with its stalks, the *cannabis indica* furnishes dreams of sexual powers far beyond norm, it intoxicates and yields a sense of extreme well-being. It is from the word hashish that we get the name assassin, for it was hashish that the Old Man of the Mountain fed to his followers in the thirteenth century, when he formed them into that dread band, the Assassins of Alamut, that ruled the Arabic countries with terror and the threat of death. Like A.L.L. A.H. today.

My hashish honeys were working away like the sex-

crazed kooks they were. I took no pleasure from the act, it was as if I were being ravished by a rapist. But the two tail-test pilots who had been hired to give me a working-over and see that all my sexual parts were fit and ready, could scarcely care less about my feelings. They were enjoying their *dok*. The hell with me. They just went on sawing away -*expedier les bon membres*, as the French call it.

They hurt, after a while. I tried to fight them but they were lean men, with dark skins and muscles that stood out in ridges all over their bodies. They stank of sweat, they panted fetid breaths at me, they panted and slobbered in their male heat. There was no tenderness. Only *dok*.

I fainted twice. Always I revived to their steady pounding. I would have screamed but there was no one to help me. If I were a masochist, or had any elements of masochism within me, the pain would have brought me delight. But I am regular, I like my *dok* with kisses and some gentility.

I knew that if I had been drugged with *imsak*, I would be dreaming those strange, frightening dreams which come with so many of the mind-affecting drugs. But I was more afraid of the drug than I was of these *dok*-wallopers. They would go away, in time. A dependency on *imsak* would not.

I lay and suffered. I thought of David Anderjanian. I thought of my nation and the perils I was plunging into because of my duty to L.U.S.T. I am as patriotic as anybody else, but sometimes I think Fate overdoes the flag-waving bit.

The door opened after a while. Tamar stood there, staring in wide-eyed disbelief at what she was seeing. She snarled and ran forward.

Her hand came down across a male neck.

"*Tafu! Tafu!* for Shame Get up, you desert rat! *Jerboa!*"

The man rolled away from me, staring up at the woman crouched above him, hissing in her anger. He was still furiously excited—that *imsak* is mighty powerful stuff, no

matter what the lab boys say—and to him Tamar was no more than another female on whom to slake his lust

He reached for her but Tamar clouted him across the face, screaming, "Idiot! Son of a debauched mother! Down the hall to the next room. O fool—allah will steal away your manhood if you linger here! Hurry! Hurry!"

The other man realized something was going on. His frantic pace slowed long enough for me to twist free of him and throw myself in among the coverlets of the cot. I listened to Tamar shrilling at them, I heard their growling answers, the pad of their naked feet as they walked toward the door. The door opened and closed.

Tamar put a soft palm on my back. "Poor darling! I didn't know they were scheduled to come here so soon. I would have been back sooner, except that certain duties could not be postponed."

She was stroking my spine with her red fingernails, up and down, back and forth in little spirals. Those faint scratchings ran down around my buttocks, slid up between them and back down again. And the nerve endings of my erogenous zones stood up and clamored.

"Wait," she whispered, leaning to kiss my hip, "Let me get warm water and a soft cloth, to bathe you. I can make you feel better within minutes."

I watched her walk away, fascinated by the shake and jump of her soft buttocks, that part of the female anatomy which the Arabs call *bedour*, which means full moons. She had full moons, all right. Already I was feeling better, but I wanted to be pampered after my experience with those Hashish Harrys. I rolled over and lay on my back, thighs slightly apart.

Tamar was back within moments, a basin and a moist cloth in her hands. She began to wash me gently, very slowly, so that it was more of a caress than a cleansing. The warm wet cloth, her tender words of comfort, touched a wellspring of wantonness deep inside me.

I spread my thighs to make her work easier, I arched my-

self to her. She could move the cloth back and forth very easily now, covering my entire pubetal area.

She smiled roguishly, saying, "I think that's enough."

"No. Go on. Please!"

She shook her head at me. Tamar had changed her garments. Now she wore a tissue-thin bolero with short sleeves extending halfway down her dusky arms, and a long skirt of the same black nylon that began four inches below her navel and ended about her ankles. Her midriff was bare, and under the black nylon of the bolero which gripped her heavy breasts I could see the large brown nipples.

"I will rub you dry, little blonde *bint*," she laughed softly. "Then I will apply a salve to your injured parts."

I watched her heavy breasts swing forward as she bent to place a kiss on me. I whispered, "Don't go 'way."

She laughed softly, throatily. Her mouth was dark red with lipstick, and her tonguetip moistened those big lips as she stared down at me. "You shall die this night from pleasure," she breathed.

My body was alive. It tingled and ached pleasantly, needing relief from the slow throbbing that had begun in my loins and was extending upward into my breasts, where the dark nipples protruded. Almost unconsciously, my hips were moving lazily.

Then Tamar was back, a rough towel in her hand. She threw a cushion on the floor and knelt to wipe my flesh. The shaggy wool was like a giant tongue, exacerbating, thrilling. I moaned and writhed to the ministrations of the towel. There was the smell of musk in the room; later, I discovered Tamar had lighted a cone of incense to add to the delight of our senses.

The towel slipped from her fingers.

"Your *keuss* is a scarlet flower, ripe for plucking," Tamar whispered. "It is the fruit of Paradise, which will be given to all True Believers."

Her breath blew upon me like the sirocco wind howling hot and wild off the great Sahara. Her soft palms and avid

fingers slipped up my thighs and across my heaving belly to my hard breasts. They climbed my breasts, they caught my nipples.

"You are the peach broken apart, the figlet made to be eaten," she murmured. "For this art of *sekhaukeh* were you born."

I could have disagreed with her, but did not. Let Tamar think what she might about me, I was no sapphist. I knew that in the Arabian countries, where harems were the order of the day, this lesbian love flourished as might a flower with tender care. No one man could properly satisfy anywhere from five to a hundred women, and so each harem kept its own *esh-sheyk-heh-el-bezeh*, a female teacher whose duty it was to instruct the young brides in the tribadic art.

Once taught the art, once she had become addicted to this act of *lisaun-fee-gubb*, the wife selected a favorite from among the other wives, who became her *merseeneh*, and who practiced the rites of Sappho upon her body. In such a manner was harmony and peace insured among so many women.

The Arab man holds the female in low esteem, believing that a woman was created by Allah solely for the enjoyment of the male. Yet so many Arab males turn to young boys for their sexual thrills, that the woman oftentimes find themselves doomed to seek solace from their own kind.

Though they themselves indulge in homosexuality, the Arab males look down upon lesbianism between women. They have different names for those who enjoy the caress of the mouth and tongue. She who looses her trouser string so she is available to her *merseeneh*, the Arab male calls contemptuously, *Mejool-el iarbund!*

Me, I didn't care what the Arab boys called it. Tamar was an expert at this *el-qutayti*, she might have been the *esh-sheyk-heh-el-bezeh* for these white slavers, for all I knew. Maybe she was hard at work right now, teaching me to be a *merseeneh* for some lonely little harem honey.

She sent me on a tongue trip. I swung like a pendulum. I was a surfer hanging ten. I was the mushroom cloud of an

atom bomb. It was in that ecstasy that the Arabs call *kayf*. I was turned on, all over me.

A long time later, I came to in her arms. She was smiling at me, kissing my lips with her mouth and fondling my breasts. There was the light of happiness in her black eyes, brilliant with kohl.

"I shall be sorry to lose you, my sweet," she breathed.

"Me too, Tamar. How long do we have?"

"A week. No more. Then you and the others—there are three more girls who are going to Beirut—will be bundled onto a Saudi Arabian plane and flown to market."

"I suppose I've got to endure some more *dok* from those animals who were doing me earlier?"

Her fingers smoothed my blonde tresses. "Not the same ones, but others." Her full lips quirked. "No two men could perform those sexual deeds, day in and day out. We recruit from the streets, we find hardy specimens, who, once having learned of our needs, come themselves or send their friends."

"Hey! What about diseases?" I yelped.

She was indignant. "They are all examined most carefully! Her palms slapped my belly. "You are worth more than your weight in gold, blonde girl. The other girls are not worth so much as you, but they will bring plenty of dinhars in the slave souk. Do you think we would dare sell diseased girls to the sheiks and emirs of Saudi Arabia or Jordan? No, no."

I let myself be comforted.

The pattern was apparent on this first day. Selim went on jabbing water into me, I pretended to be groovey with bhang, and healthy male specimens off the Medina streets of Marrakesh were fed to me in relays, two or three at a time, or in company with a female.

The female was not always Tamar. Sometimes they brought in another girl from the rooms where these girls, like me, were being taught how to be submissive slaves. They were pretty, they were clean, and they had an aptitude for their job.

We played games with one another, the man, the girl and I. We drove one another to distraction before we granted relief to the excitements our hands and mouths had created. My cot was a sea of flesh, day after day, night after night, hour after hour. I reclined on my back, I knelt on hands and knees, I squatted like a frog. I thought I knew the art of making love. The men and Tamar taught me something new about the female body.

The western civilization are all puritanical at heart. The near eastern and far eastern peoples approach sex with an entirely different attitude. From babyhood, the boy and girl are conditioned to the fact that sex will be paramount in their lives. The boy rapes the girl when and where he can, the girl expects it, even solicits it by her conduct in the shadows of an alley or a doorway.

Physicians have been asked to treat boys who had been sexually abused by other boys to the point of fainting. They prescribe medicines for girls who have been repeatedly raped by wandering gangs of boys aged twelve to fifteen. Vaginitis and vulvitis are common complaints of the young girls of North Africa and Arabia.

The land Tamar knows is shocked by these happenings. They are an everyday way of life. Even in the homes of the wealthy, servant-girls are kept whose duty it is to initiate young men into the delights of *nayk*, that word for the coital union which is peculiarly Arabic. The fact that these women also initiate their female charges into the lesbian enjoyment of *giradzeh* is apparently beside the point. Or maybe it's because a female doesn't amount to much in their world.

I was being given the full treatment, a cram course in carnal relations, a lifetime of lewdity shoved into seven days. What the Arab street woman knows by the time she is fifteen, I was to learn in a week. And the organization that owned me made certain that I was an apt pupil. Like it or not, I absorbed what they wanted me to know.

I had one thing going for me. They had not broken my will, as the *imsak* would have done, had Selim continued

his injections. I owed Tamar a lot for that, as well as for the daily lavings with which she washed away my soreness. I actually came to look forward to her visits.

One morning she entered, followed by a beardless boy carrying five suitcases. I recognized my Wing luggage at once, and sat up. Tamar laughed when I asked how she had come by it.

"It was no problem. We employ thieves in our organization, you know. It was a simple matter for one of them—employed as a porter by the Hotel Mamounia, which knows nothing of it, of course—to slip your things onto a dolly, put it in a taxi and hand the taxi driver a dinhar to deliver it here."

I needed no invitation to open the bags, to make sure everything was safely inside. The organization had even returned my charm bracelet and initial ring. I slid them out of the paper that held them, slipped them up my wrist and on my finger.

"But why?" I asked the woman. "Surely you aren't including my wardrobe in my sale?"

"Oh, yes. Many sheiks might like to pretend you are a proud Inglisi woman, such a woman as they see passing them by on the streets of Cairo or Damascus. They do not dare kidnap the woman, but they can imagine that you have been kidnapped, that you are helpless to prevent their enjoyment of your white skin and golden *keuss*."

Great for games, these Arabs.

I got dressed in front of Tamar and the boy. Tamar was intensely interested in my Cantrecc nylons, in the garterbelt that held them up, in the Accentuette bra that contained my breasts. I paraded around the room for her in my high-heeled shoes, so that she could study my figure in the underwear.

The boy was staring, too, his mouth a little open. Since he was wearing only a white linen *ghendureh* that came to the middle of his thighs, his boyish excitement was very apparent. Tamar laughed throatily at sight of it.

"Mustafa is my own little slave," she laughed, putting a

bare arm about the boy and drawing him to her. "He will be busy tonight keeping me happy, because I shall be so sad at seeing you leave."

"Then the flight to Beirut is scheduled for today?"

"You leave within the hour."

Tamar sighed and let her eyes go from my shoes to my brassiere. "I shall miss you, my golden girl. Very much. So much that if Mustafa does not make me forget you, I will take the lash to his back."

The boy grinned impudently. He was a handsome youth, perhaps fourteen years of age, and a little taller than his mistress. He was as much a man as any of those who had come to my cot during the past week, I noticed.

Tamar saw me staring at him. "I should have brought him sooner. I am teaching him to be a great lover. I feed him milk and eggs every day. You would have liked Mustafa." She glanced at me. "We do not have the time for you to enjoy him now. Just look. Maybe it will keep you excited all the way to Lebanon."

Her hand raised his *ghendurah* to his bellybutton.

I gulped and the boy laughed.

Tamar said, "I chose him myself. Every morning I rub powdered herbs onto his zubb so that he walks around all day in perpetual excitement. In the evening when he comes to me, he is like a wild beast."

"Yeah, hey," I nodded. "I see what you mean."

Tamar dropped the *ghendureh*, laughing softly when her hand had to pull it far forward so as to hide him. She said, "Mustafa is a good boy. Someday I shall sell him to a rich widow for many dinhars. Then I shall find myself another boy and train him."

I think Mustafa was sorry that Tamar had not brought him to meet me sooner. I gathered from the way his wide eyes ran all over me that he had never seen a blonde woman before.

I slipped into a multi-stripe silk shirtdress, picked up a purse and gloves, and was ready for the flight to Beirut. I began to feel the first prickles of worry running up and

down my spine. The waiting is always the worst, they say. It was for me, because I was going off into unknown country, I would be among strangers. I was going to be sold as a white slave to some Arabian *shaykh*.

I walked up and down, nervously. Behind me, I heard Mustafa gasp and moan, as Tamar giggled. I did not turn around. The sight of what was happening might have unnerved me further. This white slaver room had become like home to me in the past week, despite all the sexual attention I'd been getting. I was an anchor of sorts to which I clung, and did not want to let go.

All things come to an end. So did my wait. A big man in a loose white jellaba appeared in the doorway. He grinned at Tamar and Mustafa where they stood so close together, he ran his glance over me, then walked to my luggage and picked up my bags.

Tamar ran to me, hugged and kissed me.

Mustafa grinned and made a forward movement with his hips. His eyes were very bright and there was a flush on his beardless cheeks. He was a very wise child, he knew Tamar could not see him while she was hugging me.

Then I turned and marched for the door. I swung back, half in and half out of the doorway, for one last glance at the room. Tamar had the boy bent back, her hand was under the hem of his *ghendureh* and was moving steadily. I sighed. I would have liked to have joined them in their play.

Instead I turned and started on my trip to Lebanon.

The Marrakesh airport is located a few miles west of the city proper. The big, enclosed car that swept three other girls and myself along Route P 10 at a dizzy speed was big and powerful. The driver was armed, so was the man beside him. Not that he expected trouble from us girls. We were all under the influence of dope, or supposed to be. I was the sole exception to the rule.

The car braked. The door opened and we got out, one after the other. In the car I had the chance to study my traveling companions. One was a dark Greek girl with

glossy black hair done up under a flat cap, the *hotos*, from which her *haik*, or veil, hung so as to hide her face. Her eyes were glassy, I noticed. There was a Spanish girl, also wearing oriental clothes, dark-skinned and with black hair. The third girl was an Italian. Her hair was brown and her figure was even more developed than that of the Greek or the Spaniard.

The plane toward which we were being herded had been a twin-engine bomber in its original state. The white slave crowd had converted it into a cargo plane, with a human cargo in mind.

The interior was sound-proofed, and resembled a sitting room at any hotel. Twin sofas, three chair, a small bar, cushions here and there on the floor, indirect lighting: it had the works. I theorized that it was used by the bosses from time to time, maybe even to hold an orgy or two.

I sank my hundred-odd pounds into a comfortable chair and stretched my legs out. I knew the flight would take about ten hours and I wanted to be at ease while we were air-bourne.

The man who had been sitting beside the driver of the car was to accompany us. He shucked out of his coat, tossing it on a cushion. Then he went behind the small bar and poured himself a drink. With my eyes half-closed, pretending to be in a doped trance, I studied him. He was not tall, nor especially strong, but he was wiry and lithe. While I felt I could take him in a judo match, I figured, What the hell!

My original destination was Beirut. I was being taken to Beirut. I fingered my heavy gold initial ring and grinned to myself. One press of the fingers and the man sipping his martini on the rocks would be dead.

The plane revved its engines to a deafening roar. The Greek girl began to sob, sitting very straight on the edge of the sofa. The *imsak* was wearing off, and she was coming around to normal.

Shortypants cursed in Arabic, he came around the end of the bar and walked up to the girl. He bent and slapped

her face, knocking her back into the sofa where she sprawled limply.

"Keep quiet, you slut!" He punctuated his sentence with a slap, then snarled, "Understand? *Comprenez?* No more noise."

The Spanish girl stirred lazily and opened her eyes. "She is frightened of the plane. She has never flown before."

The little guy whirled. "Ah, an aviatrix," he leered, moving toward her. His hands were poised to slap her, too. I got the feeling he liked the girls to make a little trouble for him, that he enjoyed knocking them about. Maybe it gave him a feeling of power that was a compensation for his shortness.

"Why stir up trouble?" I asked softly.

He turned on me. I assumed that since the other girls were snapping out of it, it would be safe for me to pretend the drug no longer bothered me. However, my think tank told me that Shortypants probably knew what he was doing. The girls might be conscious but their physical responses to stimuli were so slowed, they were unable to defend themselves.

I could defend myself. I am a wearer of the red and white Sixth Dan belt in judo, which is a rank higher than a black belt. I would be able to make mincement of this bantam bastard.

The only trouble was, I didn't dare. I might give away the game. I didn't want the white slavers getting suspicious of the only blonde doll in their cargo of cuties. So I couldn't use physical prowess on Shortypants. I had to resort to other ways and means.

There is a legend in many countries (in those, at least, where people believe in the Devil), that if a woman is visited by Satan, she can frighten him away by lifting her skirts and showing him her privacy. Me, I don't believe in legends. But I figured I might as well try it on for size. Bantam-boy looked pretty devilish to me at the moment.

So I sank back in the chair, lifting my stockinged legs

as if to ward him off and spreading them apart. I whimpered, "Please, master!"

He stood rigid, staring between the white inner thighs that formed a wedge pointing at my golden puff. So long accustomed to seeing the women he guarded robed in shrouding kaftans, the sight of a mini-skirted westerner really hit him where it counted. His anger dissipated before a more compelling emotion, but it was an emotion he could do nothing about.

We girls were not for the likes of him.

All he could do was look and suffer.

He licked his lips, he ran his eyes up and down my shapely gams and settled on my yellow fur. He rocked a little and made a gurgling sound. These Arab lads have the reaction speed of nitroglycerin.

My leg and belly muscles were getting tired, holding the pose. I lowered them, slowly. Shortypants took a deep breath and staggered toward the bar where he made himself another martini. Double.

The Greek girl was smiling at me. So were the others. In halting French, the Spaniard murmured, "Thank you. He was going to hit me. You saved me."

"Forget it, honey."

All this had happened while the plane was trundling along toward its take-off strip. Now that she was angled for the runway she began gathering speed. The old Martin bomber began to shiver and shake, and the Greek girl whimpered, hiding her face in her hands. We had no seat belts, I guess maybe they figured if we were thrown out of the chairs or off the sofa we would land on the cushions. So I waited until the plane lurched and began its climb into the sky before I slid out of my chair and moved to sit beside the Greek.

"What's your name? *Votre nom?*"

She stopped shaking long enough to say, "Titsa."

"How's that again?"

Titsa giggled, "It's a Greek name, very honorable. In the

American, it becomes sexy, no? My whole name is Titsa Macropolis."

"My, yes," I smiled. "And does the name fit?"

She wrinkled her plucked black eyebrows over that, before her face cleared and she laughed. "Oh! I understand. Well! You shall be the judge."

Her glossy black hair tumbled about her cheeks as she bent her head and began fumbling at the buttons of her kaftan. She opened it to reveal a plain blouse which she also unbuttoned.

Titsa spread her blouse and kaftan. Her globes were big and dusky, tipped with huge purple aureola. They trembled slightly as the plane vibrated to its climb. I glanced at Bantam-boy where he stood beside the bar, staring with bulging eyes. I told myself he would never forget *this* ride.

"Walk around, honey," I whispered. "Aim those bombs at tough stuff. Let him sweat a little."

Titsa caught on. With a faint smile she lurched to her feet and stood with her teats stuck out of the folded blouse and kaftan, giving the Spaniard and the Italian a good view. Then she started to parade around the little cabin until she was right in front of Shortypants.

Arms at her sides, she began to quiver. It was not a shimmy, it was slower than that, it was a faint trembling that sent those ample breasts into orbit. Up and down they jounced, sliding back and forth between times. They were jelly, they were molten milk, they were set on springs. Bounce, bobble, bobble, bounce. And the little tough guy was ready to climb a wall. He was sweating, he was wild with excitement, he was a time-bomb ticking off the minutes.

Much as he hated to do it, he turned back to the bar, hunched his shoulders and stared down into his martini. Titsa laughed softly and ran a fingertip down his spine. He shuddered.

The plane leveled off and began its run over Meknes, Fez, the Cape des Trois Fourches and the Mediterranean

Sea. The motors hummed steadily, making a droning noise inside the cabin.

Titsa came over and sank down beside me. Her face was flushed, she was excited. She had forgotten all about her fear. She glanced up from her stiffened nipples as the Spanish girl spoke to her.

"My name is Josefa Bahamonde. We will probably never see one another after this trip. So let us enjoy ourselves."

She stood up and began unbuttoning her kaftan.

The Italian girl smiled lazily. "I'm Caterina Gallina. I think what you say is a good idea. I think we should tease that bastard Arab until he wets his pants."

She looked at me. I nodded and said, "I'm with you, girls. This trip's going to take about ten hours. We ought to be able to get in a few licks in that time."

Josefa was pushing her garments down to the floor, lifting a shapely white leg to step out of them. She had a real good body, with ample hips and breasts like gourds. She stood naked and ran her palms up and down her body, slowly.

"Hey, tough man," she called.

The little man turned. His eyes went wide at sight of her nudity and then they began to bulge. His eyes weren't the only things bulging on him. He made a choking sound in his throat.

"You can't do that!" he shouted. "You're supposed to behave yourselves! Get dressed. Put your clothes back on!"

Josefa hooted. Caterina was lifting her kaftan off over her shoulders, together with her blouse. All she wore now were thin selwar trousers. Extending her slim bare arms out as far as they would go, she began a wicked shimmy.

Bantam-boy gurgled and took three steps from the bar, arms and hands stretched out as if to beat these roguish rebels into some semblance of obedience. The fourth step found his legs tangled up with an ankle that Titsa extended. He went down on his hands and knees.

Josefa and Caterina hurled themselves on his back. They

tried to reach his arms to hold him helpless, but the little man was strong and mean. He put an elbow in the Spaniard's belly and was turning to slap Caterina when I dove.

My hand chopped down against the back of his neck in a karate blow. I hit him with the edge of the hand; I did not hit him hard, just enough to stun. As he collapsed, Titsa came off the couch to catch him.

"Give me a hand," she panted. "Let's tie him down on the bar, then gag him. Eve, Caterina, Josefa help me!"

We got him to his feet, dragged him to the bar and managed to get him up onto it. We extended his legs out straight. Caterina slipped out of her harem trousers and used them to fasten his ankles together. She ran one silken leg under the edge of the bar, the other over it, then knotted them together.

We dragged his arms down on either side of the bar, using Josefa's selwar to tie one wrist to the brass rail and the other wrist to a beer-tap. Banty-boy was absolutely helpless.

Josefa began undoing his clothes while Titsa slipped out of her own garments. Within seconds, the little man was stark naked and absolutely helpless on the bar-top. Josefa slapped his bare belly with the palm of her hand and said what I assumed was a naughty word in Greek.

Titsa bent over, pushing down her selwar. Her black eyes gleamed up at me gleefully. "What about you? Aren't you going to join us?"

I started to lift my mini-skirt but other hands were there ahead of me. Josefa on one side and Caterina on the other lifted it up, baring the Drum stockinged legs and thighs and garterbelted middle. Then the mini-skirted skirtdress was gone and I was right out there in the cabin air in a matching Accentuette bra and garterbelt, with Cantreece stockings of spun black nylon.

"Ooooooh," said Josefa.

"Mmmmmmm," murmured Titsa.

"Wheee," giggled Caterina. "Show tough boy."

I got on the bar and stood with my legs apart. Caterina

filled a glass with water and dribbled it slowly down his face. Bantam boy opened his eyes and stared up at the ceiling, or where the ceiling might have been if I hadn't been standing in between. I let my hips revolve slowly.

Tough Stuff gurgled deep in his throat. His face went a royal scarlet, the veins standing out in his throat and forehead. He realized after a moment that he had been stripped and tied down on the bar. He looked from me to the other girls, and his flesh reacted.

Josefa clapped her hands at sight of his manhood. "He will be a lot of fun," she cried. "We will tease him until he bursts a blood vessel—or this."

She flicked him with a fingertip.

"The Chinese used to have a special kind of torture," I found myself saying. "Octave Mirabeau wrote about it. It's the death of a thousand caresses. Why not go oriental, girls?"

"Magnificent!" cried Titsa.

Caterina ran a soft palm up the little man's thigh and paused to tickle him. The Arab opened his mouth to scream for help but Josefa was there with a torn strip off her blouse to ram it between his lips. There was a ripping sound where Titsa was tearing off a length of her kaftan. With it she tied the gag down tight in his mouth.

I bent my legs, I squatted down to give Bantam-boy a better look. He could have closed his eyes, I guess, but he kept them open while Caterina and Josefa and Titsa began stroking his naked zubb with their fingernails, scratching lightly, then caressing with their soft palms and fingertips.

He was moaning deep in his throat, his body trembling.

The play went on until Caterina cried out sharply. "No more! No More!" The girls stepped back away from the table, leaving the tough guy weeping with frustration, as big tears rolled down his cheeks and his body arched and quivered in the pleasure which had become acute agony.

Josefa put up her hand. I caught it and stepped down off the bar. I said, "Let him relax, girls. I'll mix us a few drinks in the meantime."

I played bartender, whipping up four martinis on the rocks. I had no way of knowing the capacities of my companions, but I figured I'd start things off right. I handed the martinis out with a cautioning word that they should sip them and not play Chug-a-lug.

Tough Stuff was struggling to free himself all this while, but he was getting nowhere. Nor was he crying any more. His face looked grim, fierce with the desire to escape this pleasure-pain routine. A vein trobbed steadily in his temple as if a miniature snake were trying to get free.

I leaned an elbow on the bar and said confidentially, "You know, you're really pretty lucky, fella. We could try out the Chinese *kittee* on you—by putting the bar lemon-squeezer to your fingers or toes or even to your genitals. I doubt that you'd want us to choose *kittee* for a nasty bastard such as you."

I took a sip from the martini. "Or we could use the *mazzatello* which—"

Caterina yelped delightedly. "I know that one. You hit a man over the head with a mallet and—skkkttt—you slice his throat open!" Her finger ran past her pretty neck and she laughed.

"In old China," I went on conversationally, "women were hired to jerk a man to death. What begins so pleasantly, ends up in awful pain, I am told."

Bantam-boy was sweating profusely by this time.

Titsa shivered and rubbed her hardened breasts against my arm. Her nipples were so stiff they almost scratched. She ran her soft palm down my back and fondled my buttocks while moving her groin against my thigh. I saw Bantam-boy look at her and then at me, in something akin to horror.

Josefa saw the look and shouted, "Go on, Titsa. Put on a show for our jailer. I'll make sure he watches."

I said, "Now wait, girls! Let's not go overboard with —"

Titsa was kissing my throat while Josefa undid the clasps of my brassiere. As soon as she pushed it down, the Greek girl was nibbling on my nipples. I was too weak to fight

her lips, so I just gave a little moan and sank down to the floor.

"Hey, he can't see you down there," Caterina shouted. "You've got to stand up. Or go over to the sofa."

Her hands held his head so that his cheek was flat against the top of the bar. The sight of all our female nudity would have been enough by itself to arouse him, and when he saw Titsa crouched over me kissing my breasts, while Josefa knelt between my thighs which her hands held open and began the *lisaun-fee-gubb*, he came damn near dying.

Tough Guy moaned. Caterina gurgled laughter, crying out, "Oh, girls—you're better than a shot of imsak! Is he ever—woww!"

I heard a steady moaning from the bar. I glanced over and saw Caterina holding his face flat on the bar-top facing us while with her other hand she was slapping him in an extremely sensitive part of his anatomy.

This was when the knock sounded on the cabin door.

Chapter FOUR

We froze like op art plaster mannikins.

I looked at Josefa, and down at Titsa. They were ashen with fear. A voice shouted something in Arabic. I put a hand on Josefa and a hand on Titsa and pushed them away. Then I leaped for the bar.

I snatched up a sharp knife, the kind used to slice lemon peels for cocktails. I held it to the Arab manhood that was standing at attention.

"Tell him everything's A okay, Or you won't be a man any longer!" I let the sharp edge of the knife touch him a little harder.

Caterina let out a long breath, and grinned with renewed courage. Quickly her hand undid the gag that choked him. She pinched his arm.

"You understand, beast?" she hissed.

Bantam-boy was no fool. He liked being a man. He wanted to go on being one. He nodded, saying in French, "*Tres bien!* Very well. I agree. But be careful of the knife."

He shouted something at the door. There was a muttered reply, and then the sound of footsteps moving back to the cockpit. The little man leaned back and drew deep gulps of air. His chest rose and fell swiftly.

I dropped the knife behind the bar, and patted his leg. "Good boy, Abdul. You get to stay the way you are."

"No more," he whispered. "Please."

I nodded. "All right, no more. We'll make a truce."

Caterina whispered, "I'm hot. We can't just cut this off." She kept looking at the man-part of the bantam-boy.

Josefa and Titsa were standing beside me. Josefa nodded her head, saying, "They made me into a nympho, back there in Marrakesh. I'm too excited to call a halt to the proceedings."

Titsa whispered, "Don't let him go free. Keep him like that."

She put a foot on a chair and got up onto the bar, straddling his loins. Abdul licked his lips, watching her. He protested he would be killed if anybody discovered what he was doing.

He reminded me of Tamar. I told him, "If we don't tell and you don't tell, who's to know?" Like Tamar he thought about it, but not for very long because Titsa was an impatient girl. She just let herself sink downward.

The plane droned on.

I wondered as I watched Titsa slip off the bar exhausted and saw Caterina take her place, how many people below us, on ships or walking around islands like Malta and Cypress, could possibly have suspected what was taking place a couple of miles over their heads.

"If only I had a little bhang," Abdul whimpered once, his body convulsing. The three girls really took it out of him. By the time it was my turn, he was useless.

Once I heard Abdul croak, "They will wrap me inside the body of a dead donkey and put me in the desert to die, for this. When they see how tired you all are, I will be a dead man."

After a moment he added, in the manner of a man pronouncing a diabolical curse, "I hope the shaykh Habib ibn Masrak buy all four of you. I hope he puts you on his pussycat plaything. I hope he selects all four of you to decorate his bedchamber bed for four nights of love."

I didn't think anything of his curse, at the time. I was too busy enjoying the attention of my fellow slave girls.

When the bottom dropped away from the cabin, I knew the plane was beginning its long run for the Beirut airport. I slapped a naked haunch.

"Enough's enough, already. Besides, we'll be landing in about twenty minutes. Get dressed. *Depechez-vous!* Hurry it up!"

They scrambled into shreds of torn selwar and blouses and kaftans. We worked fast, we made ourselves presentable.

Abdul still looked worried, so I told him, "Look, if anybody says anything, tell them the girls lost their passion they were so frightened of their first plane trip."

He looked relieved. I wanted to laugh. His gratitude was almost pathetic. When he saw the girls and how well they looked—the stains and strains of their erotic exercises were well hidden under some of my Germaine Monteil make-up—he actually beamed.

The wheels touched ground, the plane bumped.

We were all sitting there in chairs or on the sofa like good girls when the plane door opened and Lebanese sunlight came into the cabin, followed by two men in uniform. Abdul stood with shoulders thrown back, he almost saluted as the men walked around the cabin, staring at the new candidates for the slave souk.

Lebanon is not quite as open about its slave markets as are the rest of the Arab countries. They are illicit, but nobody does anything about them, even though everybody and his uncle Ahmed knows where and when the auction will take place. I imagine a few palms are greased.

Lebanon is not a large country, it is only slightly less than four thousand square miles of mountain, plus a flat coastal plain bordering the Mediterranean Sea. Its flag appropriately enough, since it was the cedars of Lebanon which first made it known throughout the world, is a cedar tree. And since it is such mountainous country, many of its farms are terraced on those hilly slopes.

Beirut is its largest city.

And we were in Beirut, to be sold.

We adjusted our veils, we bent our heads and followed

Abdul down the steps and onto the flying strip. A big black limousine, its curtains drawn, waited there for us. It looked like a converted hearse to me, but maybe I was in a blue mood.

Sitting thigh to thigh between Josefa and Titsa, with Caterina perched on a collapsable chair fitted into a recess behind the front seat, I let that blue mood sweep over me. I told myself I would never win free of the clutches of these white slavers. Some brute of an Arab sheik would buy me body and soul. And then—so long, world!

I sighed. My lips quivered. I wanted to cry.

The car hit a bump in the tanbark and my head went up against the top of the car. It hurt like hell. It made me mad.

"Goddam idiot bastards," I screamed. "Take it easy!"

The glass partition slid back. A thin, dark face under a military-type cap was poked into the tonneau. "What was that, m^àmselle?"

I told him out in spades. I cursed his mother and his father, I cursed the goddam driver of the goddam car sitting alongside him. I told him I would like to meet him in a dark alleyway some night when I would take great pleasure in sacrificing his zubb and his baydzetan to Allah! He sat mesmerized as I castigated his habits, his physical appearance and his manhood. His mouth hung open while I rambled on about his being a disgrace to Allah and to Mohammed who was his Prophet. I cursed him up and down and sideways.

By the time I was done his right hand held a Luger automatic trained on my left breast. "You will be quiet," he ordered. "Quiet, do you hear? Quiet—or I shall shoot you full of holes."

"You wouldn't dare, you goddam lousey coward!" I screeched back. "Go on. I dare you, you foul offal of a she-donkey! Do you know how much I'm worth? Do you, you simpering simpleton?"

His eyes blinked. He knew, all right.

I put my face right up against his and yelled, "I'm a real natural blonde, you two-bit bluff artist! I'll fill the

treasury with a hundred thousand dinhars if I draw a cent. Are you worth that much? If anything happens to me, they'll put you in a dead donkey and sew the skin up around your neck and throw you out on the goddam desert to rot!"

He went pale, hearing that. I guess it was some sort of ritual execution for harming any of the slave girls. I owed Abdul a nod of thanks.

"Please, ma'mselle!" he begged. "I—Jelal el Amal—beg you to moderate your voice. Just what is it you want?"

"Tell the goddam drive to slow it up," I snarled.

The glass panel was slammed shut, but not before I heard angry words from the men up front. The car slowed, all right. To a crawl. We went like that through the streets of Beirut and along the main drag. We speeded up when we reached the city outskirts. Beirut is a very westernized city, cars travel back and forth in its business section, and the stone buildings look much like those in European cities.

The car stopped at long last on the edge of an estate, in front of a small brickwork building which was of obviously modern vintage. A man in a uniform came out of the door, bowed at sight of our car, and waved us on. The car lurched forward and moved at its snail's pace along a curving, gravelled driveway, beneath some towering cedar trees.

Off to our left stretched a vista of green grass and clipped box hedges, beautiful paved walks and groupings of several gardens. In the far distance we could make out a house which was like something out of the Arabian Nights. It was one of several great estates in Beirut of the type of Lebanese name *wakf*. It was festooned with horseshoe arches and latticed windows and its dome glittered like alabaster in the Lebanese sunlight. Tile roofs and overhangs added a touch of scarlet to the white stonework. A *boubba* or shrine—like a perfect jewel with its white pillars and domed roof—stood in a stretch of lush lawn, off to one side.

The car slid in under a tiled overhang and stopped.

The door opened. The man with the Luger in his belted holster stood there, bowing slightly. "Please to come out," he muttered, glancing darkly at me.

We entered by a side door into a big hall covered with lush Oriental carpets. On either side of the doorway were two lifesize statutes, both carved with superlative craftsmanship. One statute was that of a naked woman in chains, the other a naked man.

"Here we are, kids," I muttered. "Right here in the good old slave stockyard. I wonder where they sell the men?"

We walked across the carpets. There was no one else in the huge room. At one time, this had been the home of a powerful emir. At his death during World War I, fighting on the side of the Turks, the mansion which had been his pride and joy had fallen into disrepair.

It had been, in order: a hospital for wounded soldiers, and old ladies' home, a school, a library, and a tax office. Then somebody who appreciated fine things had done a restoration job, and now it could hold its own with modern-day palaces like The Breakers in Newport, Rhode Island, or San Simeon in California.

As my feet went deep into a quarter of a million dollars' worth of rich carpeting, I let my eyes sink into two million dollars' worth of oil paintings and wash colors that ornamented the walls of this private paradise. It might have been the entrance into that other Paradise which is promised all True Believers by Mohammed, for each of the pictures were like tiny windows looking into a garden of delights.

I remembered the apartment of The Satyr in London and his collection of erotic art. This collection had that one beaten by the proverbial mile, though each picture or statue was oriental in tone and subject matter. The biggest oil, over which a tiny electric light showed, revealed a great bath in a haremluk. Naked women floated in the water, naked women caressed one another along its tiled edges, naked women were engaged in caressing naked male slaves, who were quite obviously not eunuchs.

I could have gone on studying that painting for a week. Here and there in shadowed corners, you could make out various love groups, a man resting on a bath bench with a

woman straddling his thighs, two women with a young desert warrior who was having himself loved by both women kneeling before him, two male slaves with a plump matron stretched out on a carpet. The picture was a happy blend of Ingres' *Turkish Bath* which everybody and his uncle knows, and the not so well-known *Grand Bath at Broussa* by Jean Leon Gerome. It had the flesh tints of one, the stark realism of the other. This painting might have been entitled, 'Sheik's Night Out at his Harem Pool'. It would have sold like hotcakes, stateside.

There were other oils scattered here and there. Each was a miniature masterpiece, each displayed one or more ways of the love act. There was even a shot of a man and woman riding a horse, the woman posting up and down on the man, a shiek of the desert in burnoose and flowing robe, his garments open in front so the woman might enjoy him.

A hand caught my wrist, an impatient voice was shouting at me. Titsa, with her fingers gripping my wrist, was pleading with me to come along. Her dusky face was contorted with worry. Now that she was in the lair of the slavers, she was becoming terrified.

"Take it easy, honey," I told her. "Nobody's going to do anything to you that hasn't already been done."

Jelal el Amal was waiting at the foot of a wide marble staircase. His face was dark with anger; I am sure that if he'd had the money, Jelal el Amal would have bought me and tortured me the rest of my life for the affront I'd put on him in the car. Fortunately, he was just another working slob.

As I was the last girl to go up the staircase, and hearing Jelal el Amal right behind me, I began to raise the hem of my western style skirt. I heard the breath come into his throat like a long-drawn-out hiss of air. He was seeing my legs in dark nylons, my bare thighmeat above their vamps, the dependent garters from my garterbelt. I lifted the skirt even more, revealing the first plump fleshings of my buttocks.

I turned my head to stare down at him.

"Like what you see, fella?" I asked.

He was livid, his cheeks stained a dull purple, his eyes bugging out of his eye-sockets. His eyes never left my bare buttocks, but I could see hate mingled with the lust, deep inside them.

"Too bad you weren't nicer in the car," I murmured. "I would have been nicer to you."

I let my skirt drop. He would suffer, now. I had no idea when he might go off duty, but I'd bet a cookie it wouldn't be for some time.

When we came to the top of the stairs, I swung around on him and asked sweetly, "Could I have a bath, please? I'm all over dirty and grimy from that plane ride."

He could not speak. His throat was corded with veins and muscle and he could only stare at me and breathe through his open mouth like a gaffed fish. I thought if all these Arabs were like Jelal el Amal, a girl could have herself a ball with them.

Titsa came to me. I stared down at Jelal where he was giving proof that he found me utterly fascinating, and shrugged. I reached out and patted his cheek.

"Some other time, honey," I told him.

I followed Titsa into a big room where the present seemed to fall away as the past rose up around us. There were cushions on the floor, big fat pillows heavy with tassels and brocadework where a girl could stretch out and roll around without ever coming into contact with the carpets below them. Huge windows, shaped in the typical oriental horseshoe arch, that looked out over the gardens of the estate, also let in the last bit of dying sunlight.

Brass lamps hung from the ceiling. Standing lamps stood close by the slender pillars which appeared to support the painted ceiling. I had seen Caterina pause on entering and stand motionless, eyes uplifted to the pictures that had been done there by some unknown artist. I added my gaze to her own.

I have seen the scenes of harem life done by Jean Leon

Jerome, his opulent *Terrace of the Seraglio* and his *Slave Market*. These pictures may have been inspired by those earlier works. They showed women slaves eating, bathing, relaxing on cushions much like the ones we had to kick aside to walk. They showed women slaves pleasing handsome young masters, and the handsome young masters pleasing the girl slaves, in turn. It was a kind of projected paradise for us poor concubines to reflect on while we got stiff necks.

The overall theme of the ceiling paintings seemed to be that slavery among the Arab lords was not so terrible a life. You ate well, you slept well, you got loved well. So what if somebody owned you? It just made it easier, you never had to worry where your next meal was coming from, or how you were going to pay the rent.

I wandered around the room until I found a big wooden door. I pushed it open, the hinges making no sound. I found myself staring at a pool much like the one I had seen in the lobby painting downstairs. Same tiled floor, same groined ceiling, same colorless water filling the pool almost to its brim.

"Hey, girls look!" I yelled.

They came running, oohing and aahing.

"I don't know about you kids, but me for the big bathtub," I shouted, and lifting my skirt, began to strip.

I skinned out of my dress, my bra, my garterbelt and stockings. I got bare-ass and ran for that waiting water. I left the rim in a long, low dive and went deep into eight feet of cool water. It was like heaven.

I swam around for half an hour.

The other girls clustered down at the shallow end, where there was a flight of steps and a brass rail descending into the water. I found that only Caterina could swim. She had been brought up near Vasto on the Adriatic coast, and Vasto is a fishing village. Both Titsa and Josefa had spent their days far inland, Titsa in Trikkala, Greece, and Josefa in Montijo, Spain.

It was then that three fat slobs in flowing pants and loose

shirts came racing onto the pool rim and began screaming at me. They waved their flabby arms, they swore by Allah that if I did not come out of the pool at once, they would have me beaten by wet rods.

I laughed at them. It was like something out of a grade B comedy. I just went on swimming until one of the eunuchs ran for a man in the grey uniform of the Slave Troop. It was Jelal el Amal himself.

"Well, hello," I waved. "Fancy meeting you here."

"You will come out at once. There are important visitors to see you and the other girls."

"Send them on in. I'm not bashful."

"You will emerge, or I'll send someone in after you."

"Okay, okay. Keep your shirt on."

Jelal stood right there until I raised my dripping self out of the pool and padded naked within two feet of him. He saw my riding breasts, my moving hips, my glistening wet legs. He was like a man turned to stone, and there was a dark red flush on his cheeks.

"Where are the visiting dignitaries?" I asked, looking back over my shoulder. "And what gives them the right to sample the wares ahead of time?"

"They are very important sheiks from the far corners of the Arab world. We do much of our business with them."

Was it me, or did Jelal el Amal appear to be thawing? I reached up and patted his cheek. "Just when I'm getting to like you a little, we're going to have to part company. Too bad."

I left him staring at my nude buttocks that seemed to wave back at him on their own. At least, I left them bouncing around loosely, so I assumed that's what they were doing.

I took my behind with me into the next room—and came to a dead stop. My three girl friends were standing with hanging heads as four desert sheiks in flowing robes walked around them, feeling their behinds, copping feels in other places, too, that caused the girls to writhe and cry out.

They were big, swarthy men, judging by the dark-skinned

faces I could see beneath the ogal-wrapped burnouses on their heads. The ogal is that bit of braided rope with which these shaykhs keep the hoods of their burnouses in place, if you haven't looked at an Arab fashion catalogue lately.

"Hey, watch it there," I yelled.

Even the girls stared at me in dumb shock. I guess if I'd had my proper insak dosage back in Marrakesh, I wouldn't have stepped out of line. The sheiks were stunned speechless. Well, almost speechless.

One of them grated, "Is this one of them? Insh'allah! She needs a few lessons in discipline!"

He came striding toward me. He looked pretty husky, his brown hands seemed like living hooks to me, suddenly. I crouched a little.

"I wear the Sixth Dan belt, buster," I warned him.

"You are naked, *bint!*" he shouted.

He reached for my left breast, putting himself in range of my hands. I caught his right arm just above the elbow, getting a good handful of his burnoose and the embroidered shirt he wore under it, at his left shoulder. My bare foot hooked upward to catch his right knee on the outside just as he was striding forward. It was like a Gogolak kicking field goal left-footed. The judo boys call it a knee wheel throw, the *hiza guruma*.

The sheik went down hard on the carpeting. I pivotted and rammed the sole of my right foot down on his neck. His head bounced once; then he lay absolutely motionless.

The other Arabs came for me with wild shrieks.

I did a forward cartwheel, landing on my back and with my legs braced, soles flat to the ground. I was supporting myself on elbows and forearms. I was in perfect position for the stomach throw.

Normally, the stomach throw—the *tomoe nage*—is accomplished against only one opponent at a time. To be technically correct, I should grasp his garments at his shoulders and plant my right foot two inches below the navel. Then the idea is to throw him over and past you so he lands on his head or shoulders.

With two opponents coming fast, I didn't stand on ceremony. I grabbed what was closest and drove my bare feet into two bellies. I was right on target with my right, two inches below the navel, but I got the leftside boy sheik right in the solar plexus. I could hear the wind whoosh out of him as he rose up on my leg and went flying over me.

Somebody yelled, "*Balik! Balik! Look out!*"

I whirled on my behind and drove myself sideways at the legs of the third man. I took them out from under him as neatly as a pro football blocker. He went down hard, screeching to Allah. I hit him across the neck with the edge of a hand as he hit the cushions. Now I slithered around and rolled up onto my bare feet, where I crouched, waiting for number four.

Number four was staring at the four motionless men on the floor. "Allah be merciful," he was whispering. "She is a female *azazil*!"

An *azazil* is a demon in Arabic. It is the *azazil* who whips up the windstorm that buries the caravan and its men and animals, it is the *azazil* who increases the thirst in the throat, the hunger in the belly. It is the *azazil* who changes landmarks that a man may get lost. Me, I was a girl *azazil*.

I inched forward for the staring man. He began to back away, slowly. "Bi'allah! I would not buy you for a million dinhars," he whispered.

Well, now. No girl likes to hear that her value in the open market has gone down *that* much, even in Beirut. I realized suddenly that no man in his right mind would want to buy a female *azazil*. This would have been with me, except that I didn't like to think about the slave girls who didn't sell. Maybe they shot these creatures, like they do horses with broken legs.

I gulped.

I breathed, "They're training me to be a harem guard."

I went down on my knees. On my knees I crawled to him and rubbed my forehead across his leather babouches. My heart was slamming away at a great rate. I had to be

bought by somebody, so I could get deeper into Arab country.

"If those men were intruders, come to steal away a haremlik beauty, they would be meat for your torturers, master," I breathed.

Glancing up, I saw his eyes roving over my bare back and down the divided cheeks of my bottom, that were emphasized by my kneeling posture. I wiggled a little, making my buttocks shake.

"Your beauty would be wasted as a guard," he muttered.

I raised my hands, clasping them appealingly. I let them brush across his front and found him quite aroused by his former inspection of Caterina, Josefa and Titsa, and the sight of my own wet nudity.

"I have been taught the arts of the Sheik Umar ibn Mohammed el-Nefzawi," I babbled. "I have made it my goal to be both pleasure and protection to the man who buys me."

A bargain basement babe, so to speak. The number four sheik thought about that while I let my fingers tell him they could be his alone, if he bought me. I just *had* to up-grade myself. He was beginning to breathe like an asthmatic while he considered my naked back.

"I begin to see your value, indeed," he panted at last. "Are you truly a real blonde?"

I rocked up and back until I squatted before him. His eyes darted to the telltale proof between my thighs. I smiled up at him hopefully.

"Mashallah! Praise to Allah! Perhaps this is my lucky day. But—we'll keep this a secret between us, girls. I don't want—"

"What's to be a secret?" rasped a voice.

Number two was sitting up, a hand on his belly. Hot suspicion flared in his black eyes as he studied me and the man to whom I was showing myself.

"Is this a trick, Sheik Bayazid?" he growled. "Did you

know this she-devil was to be among these others? Did you set her upon us to make us look like fools?"

His hand lifted out the curving *khanjar*—the Arabic dagger—from its ivory sheath at his belt. The naked blade glittered in the light of the oil lamps like a metal finger.

Bayazid drew his own blade. "I know her not," he snarled. "And I take it as an insult that you should so accuse me, Suleiman!"

The Sheik Suleiman shrugged and let his dagger slip back into its sheath. He grumbled, "She has stolen our wits! But what's this about a secret?"

He got to his feet and one by one, the others joined him. They had forgotten the other girls, they were all grouped about me, examining my naked body with their eyes.

Trying to knock my price down ahead of time, Bayazid was saying, "None of you would want such a she-demon in your harems. She would only be trouble.

Suleiman said, "And you? Are you out of the bidding too?"

"If I buy her, it will be to punish her," Bayazid remarked softly. "For her affront to my friends."

Suleiman stared at his friend suspiciously, rubbing the scraggly beard that adorned his jaw and chin. From Bayazid, Suleiman looked at me. I am certain he felt that he was being put-upon, but his lips kept silence.

Jelal al Amal had been a most interested observer of all this, from the door into the pool. He came forward now, bowing to the sheiks, informing them that the time for inspection was at an end, that the auction itself would be held within the hour in the audience hall.

"Why so soon?" I asked him when the others had gone.

"The authorities in Beirut are willing to wink an eye at what goes on here. But the press is not so understanding—especially the foreign press. The French, Spanish and Italian reporters, and most especially the English, are suspicious. They come nosing around every so often. If they discovered that this mansion is a glorified slave selling headquarters,

they'd make such a stink that the authorities might be forced to act."

He spread his hands eloquently. "We wish no trouble. We remain discreet. When we have a new shipment of girls, we contact the sheiks who are interested in bidding for them, as well as slave dealers who replenish their stock here from time to time. The slave merchants in Arabia especially, use our facilities.

"Further inland, there are no foreign pressmen to worry about and so the slave souks can be conducted quite openly.

"Seems to me, you ought to hold your sales where there won't be this need for haste," I commented.

"We will, some day. Already plans are being made."

Jelal waved a hand. "I must go, now. The *khiaga* will be in to dress you for the auction at any moment."

The *khiaga* is the harem mistress, usually an older slave-woman, whose duty it was to see that we looked our best while the auction was taking place. She was assisted by a number of lesser slaves, very obese and disgustingly cheerful. Theirs was an easy life; every couple of weeks when a new batch of pretty girls arrived, they had to display them to their best advantage. Otherwise it was just a round of eating, sleeping and whatever loving they could wangle out of some other slave.

I will say, A.L.L.A.H. didn't stint in making Titsa, Josefa and Caterina attractive. They were dressed like Hollywood starlets in an Oriental Colossal. Filmy gauze trousers that revealed their legs and hips and belly covered them like a thin fog. Add a kind of bolero of the same transparent stuff about the breasts, a belt of chains about their middles, red leather Turkish babouches, the kind of slippers that curl up at the toes, and they were almost ready. Me, they made dress in my western clothes, in a black A-line David Crystal creation.

They did our hair in various coiffures, with the idea of bringing out the features which would make us most attractive. Titsa, Caterina and Josefa were really beautiful when the women finished with them. I guess I looked all right

too, because the old girls were jabbering among themselves as they surveyed my upsweep in which little silver pins had been placed.

Jelal el Amal came to fetch us.

"They really make you work, boy," I told him as I slipped past him and out the door into the corridor. "Don't you ever get time off for good behavior?"

"In Arabic countries, there is no such thing as time off," he replied curtly. "We work for the good of one another, for the other Arab states, that is. And so when each works hardest, when each does his best, the Arab nations profit."

"You believe all that jazz, hah?"

He flushed and motioned me to follow him.

We went in double file down the corridor and up another grand staircase, Titsa beside me, Josefa and Caterina bringing up the rear. Titsa had begun to tremble.

"Suppose a cruel man buys me?" she whispered.

Well, to tell the truth, I had just begun to think much the same thing. I had been treating this bind of mine like a kind of holiday. So I'm stupid. Or maybe it's because I've been in so many tights I just couldn't get myself worked up about this one.

But now as our footfalls echoed down the long corridors of this glorified slave stall, the uneasy thought came to me that L.U.S.T. probably figured I was dead. Like Major Hartley. So L.U.S.T. would not be looking for me, neither would Interpol or British Intelligence.

For all I knew, I was going to be sold into real live slavery. My master might be the Sheik Bayazid or maybe even Suleiman. Bayazid would be a better master than Suleiman, I felt. At least he knew my value as a fighter, to defend the virtues of his harem cuties.

I started to shake, myself.

I tried to send out mental signals to David Anderjanian. I even remembered a prayer from my childhood and whispered it under my breath. Once a sheik got my girlish bod into his clutches somewhere in the deeps of the Arabia

Deserta or the empty Dahana, I'd have about as much chance as the proverbial snowball in Hades. I could not speak Arabic, I was a natural blonde, I would never be able to find my way back to civilization.

I shook a little harder.

We walked into a narrow doorway and up onto a stage. Jelal el Amal murmured, "You will remain here in the wings. You will be led forward one at a time. You will do what the slavemaster says."

Josefa nodded for all of us.

I felt sick, of a sudden. I guess it was my feminine reaction to the long-delayed realization that this was no game I was playing. It was grim reality. A man I did not know was going to buy my flesh and my soul in about half an hour. What he did to me would be his own business. I would be his property, unable to protest if he wanted me tortured to death or given to an animal in a barnyard for the amusement of some guests. I would no longer be free.

I gulped down the nausea in my throat, fearing that I would heave all over the floor. I was only vaguely aware that the curtain was lifting, that a sound of castanets was playing, that a girl was dancing naked in a spotlight on the stage.

I lifted my head and stared unseeingly for a moment. The girl was a big, white-skinned German beauty. Her flaxen hair hung down her back as she stamped and shook her shoulders at the audience before her. She spread her thighs and showed a shaven pubic area, then went into a bump and grind routine.

The tension in the audience hall went up like an Apollo missile off its launch pad. There were harsh cries in Arabic and much laughter.

The slave dealers knew how to hit a customer with the hard sell, all right. The German nudist was flaunting her charms like a peacock, shaking her immense breast and rolling her belly, turning to bend over and spread her thighs.

Heat up the buyer, get him in the mood.

Then slam him with the goods.

It was an old technique, maybe the oldest in the world. It still worked. I could hear voices offering to buy the dancing girl. I gathered she was not for sale, because when her act was done she blew kisses to the audience and ran off into the wings, breasts flopping up and down.

The backdrop of the stage formed the interior of a sheik's tent, with a lot of cushions and a narghile—a water-pipe—arranged as mood stuff in the background. Now a young sheik came striding onto the stage, with a pretty girl right behind him. She was a slave he had just bought, you realized, when he explained that this tent would be her new home.

The girl advanced on her new master, hurling herself at his feet. She clasped the man to her, hugging his hips, rubbing her face back and forth across his loins. The audience had become very quiet; it was as if everyone was holding his breath. They were getting a three-dimensional lecture on what a slave girl should be, and on what a slave girl, bought here at this Beirut market, could do for a man.

"I shall be a devoted slave, master."

"I know you will, Kahrama."

"Master, let me teach you how devoted I can be!"

The girl rose to her feet and began working her dusky fingers in and around the flowing robes worn by the play-actor sheik. She was a pretty thing, with loose black hair tumbling around her shoulders. Her skin was the color of an old penny. In the transparent selwar trousers, her legs were slim and ripely curved.

She undressed the master, she brought his body into view as the burnoose and ogal, shirt and selwar fell away, to reveal a muscular body, dark of skin and hairless except for the armpits growth and that about his tumid manhood.

Kahrama exclaimed in ecstasy at sight of his big zubb. "You are the lord of all desire, the master of love," she panted, falling to her knees.

Her hands trembled as she extended them to clasp and fondle him. She was no slouch in the love department, this

Bedouin babe. She knew her way around a male body, as she proceeded to demonstrate for the audience. If I had been out there watching all this I wouldn't have let anything stop me from buying a girl like that.

She kissed, she tongued, in the classic *metzitzah* manner until the master was shaking and groaning. Then she sat back on her heels and putting her hands to her transparent bolero she shrugged her shoulders—making her brown breasts do a saraband up and down—and let the silken vest slide down her slim arms.

Now she leaned forward and caught her master between her swollen breasts. The sheik cried out thickly as he stared down at the dusky breasts that mashed their globular shapes about his flesh. He tottered; the muscles strutted in his legs and belly when he recovered his balance.

The girl knelt close to him, hands moving slowly where they held her breasts. This form of erotic enjoyment is known as *mammaeism*, a form of that broader deviation, partialism. In it the breasts alone are used to bring pleasure to the male, whether by his own desire or that of his partner, being immaterial. This *coitus inter mammae* is usually performed with the male astride the female, but it can take place with the woman kneeling, as the slave girl was doing.

Just as the sheik bellowed, the girl fell away and the audience could see the awesome size of his great member. The Arab penis is extremely large, sometimes reaching an almost unbelievable size. The possessors of such outsized organs are called stallion men, or bull men.

It was his male bellow which told the audience now thoroughly good a job an A.L.L.A.H. slavegirl could be. She was a past mistress at each of them. To buy her was to buy Mohammed's Paradise on Earth.

The topless houri was standing in front of the master now, shoulders back and quivering, breasts jumping lazily as if they were alive. Her coppertoned belly began to revolve and at the same time she hooked her thumbs into

the brocade belt that held up her selwar. Hips swinging, she shoved the harem trousers down her plump brown hips, past the dark forest of her womanhood and along the slim dusky thighs that quivered as they twisted.

Almost every Arab girl or woman is taught the traditional *res es-sunreh* which is the Arabic version of the belly dance. From childhood they train their ventral muscles to perform some really amazing contortions. The slavegirl standing naked before her new master had done her daily practicing well. She was a writhing, bobbing temptation to a male as she jerked her loins at him until he shouted thickly and caught her in his arms, lifting her up into the air.

The girl locked her dusky legs about his hips as she sank down upon him. The audience was shouting and whistling, stamping feet as a relief for the tensions in their bodies. The man stood on widespread legs as his girl slave continued her dance on his body.

They went on and on, the girl wriggling and twisting from side to side and up and down, the man standing still, motionless, all his strength being spent in maintaining his balance and in preventing the girl from exhausting him. I felt jealousy for the dusky slave, even though I understood she was just doing her bit to arouse the audience into a spirited bidding for our charms.

The girl began to cry out, to buck her hips in uncontrollable spasms. The man, hearing this signal that their act was almost at an end, began to move his own body, and to bellow words I didn't understand, but whose import was quite obvious. He was having himself a ball.

The curtains swooshed across.

A man gestured at Josefa, who shrank back against me, shivering. This was the moment of truth, this was the instant in Time for which all of us had been trained.

Again the man made a motion with his hand and I put my palm on her shoulders, patting it. "Go on, honey," I encouraged. "Just keep your fingers crossed for luck."

She flashed me a wan smile, then lifted her chin and

squared her shoulders. Adopting a slithering walk that made her buttocks jiggle, she moved out onto the stage.

Deft stagehands had removed the cushions and the water pipe, exchanging a wooden platform and a number of barred cages for them. The barred cages were set sidewise to the proscenium, so that the audience could see inside the cages. There were no bars between the audience and the most motley collection of ancient harridans I have ever seen.

A.L.L.A.H. must have scoured the slums of Beirut for the hags clustered in those cages. They looked like the dregs of humanity. They were naked, the better to disclose their drooping rumps, their paunching bellies, their sagging breasts. They were so ugly they almost turned the stomach.

In contrast to their hideous aspect, Josefa looked like a movie queen, a Miss America, a love goddess. This was what the slave dealer wanted to accomplish, naturally. The better Josefa looked, the higher the price she would bring.

"Haaaiiii-aaaiiii-aiiii," shrilled the lean, wiry man who stepped from the wings, waving an arm at the girl who was losing her fear in her interest at the proceedings.

"We have an houri escaped out of Moorish Spain, an *el hacene* trained by the finest *khiajas* in our employ. There is no caprice too wild, no position too ardent, for this Spanish beauty to assume."

His laughter cackled. "Should your own imagination prove insufficient, she herself will prove a willing and an able teacher. She will make you quicken, those among you who are laggards at the flesh feasting.

"Study her—and dream!"

Two young girls, willowy and dark of skin like Egyptian women, had come striding forward as the slave-seller called out his sales pitch. Now they put their hennaed fingertips to the thin vest Josefa wore and slowly, teasingly, drew back its flaps so that her milky breasts quivered naked for the buyers to see.

A roar went up. Josefa is well endowed.

"Twenty thousand lira!" a voice bellowed.

"Thirty!" echoed another.

The auctioneer smiled broadly. It was going to be a good day. He made an impatient gesture with his hand, and the two Egyptians unfastened the belt of metal links around the Spanish girl's waist.

The gauze trousers slid downward.

Chapter **FIVE**

My turn came after close to two hours of frantic bidding. Josefa was knocked down to an emir living in the Zagros Mountans of Iran. Caterina was bought by somebody named Maruf Kassim, a desert sheik. Titsa went to an oil-rich sheik, Habib ibn Masrak.

There was only little old me left.

I was brought out onto the stage by the two pretty girls who had disrobed the others. They looked at my western style clothes a little doubtfully. I gathered neither of them knew a bra-clasp from a Talon zipper.

The girls put their hands on my David Crystal dress, searching for a way to open it. I had been right about Talon zippers. They knew from nothing about them. I guess they figured it was some kind of stupid American decoration.

So I pushed them away. I'd done a strip of sorts back in London a case or two ago, only that was something special, done with gimmicks. What I had to do was sell myself to the right guy by putting on a strip act of my own, right here and now.

I put my hands behind me to the middle of my dress and drew down the zipper. The girls stared goggle-eyed. So did the customers, because my back was facing them and as the zipper went down they got a load of my soft, creamy back bisected by the black strap of my Accentuette brassiere.

I let the dress slide forward on my arms and then I turned slowly, wiggling my shoulders. The wiggle made the dress slide down my arms. It also came close to letting my size 38, D cup breasts shake out of their black lace containers. They began yelling and pounding their feet, I went on shaking my boobs and sliding the sleeves of my dress past my wrists.

I held the dress at my navel and strutted across the stage. The auctioneer was watching me with bulging eyes, his sales pitch completely forgotten. As I strutted, I lifted the skirt of my black dress upward slowly, teasingly.

Men are men the whole world over. The sight of my gams in the taut nylons as my skirt went upward raised the blood pressures in close to a hundred Arab male bodies. They stared, they called on Allah, they swore that one of the houris had escaped from Paradise.

When my bare thighs showed above my stockings, I thought a couple of them might pass out. I strutted, I wriggled, I spread my arms and let go of my dress. I gave the boys a few bumps and grinds. The dress slid down to my hips.

I lifted the skirt up until hem and collar met around my girdled middle. I had on an Olga creation that was sensational in black lastex against the creamy Drum body, especially since a couple of lace-frilled garters depending from it held up those taut nylons on the Drum legs. Black lace garters on white thighflesh. You can imagine.

No panties, naturally.

I did a high kick and the boys went nuts.

"Sixty thousand lira!" shouted a voice.

"Eighty!"

"One hundred thousand!"

The auctioneer looked from the standing audience at me. He turned back to the yelling, waving mob of males. He was absolutely speechless for once in his life. As far as he was concerned, the auction was completely out of hand.

I could see Jelal el Amal glowering at me from the

shadows. I aimed a high kick at him. The audience roared again.

I lifted my arms and put my hands behind my back, turning away from all those eyes and walking back and forth across the stage with a mild waggle to the hips and a shake of my girdled behind. I fiddled with the bra snaps.

The mob grew silent.

The bra straps flipped open behind me. One by one, coyly, I lowered the thin ribbons that held the Accentuette to my shoulders. The brassiere was loose in front.

I bent over, facing the boys. I let my shoulders move back and forth. My breasts swung gently, like pink pendulums. The bra fell straight down, due to the force of gravity. My breasts went on swaying, dangling downward with the nipples pointing blunt brown tips at the floor, for the same reason.

The noise made me clap my hands to my ears and straighten up. My D cup boobies pointed out at the yelling men. They stood firm and full, they quivered as if they were made of jello.

A voice cried, "Two hundred thousand lira!"

It was as if somebody shut off the radio. There wasn't a sound. All eyes turned toward the corner of the room where the Sheik Bayazid ibn Khalek stood proudly, chin out, beneath his white burnoose and golden ogal.

Two hundred thousand lira is a lot of moola even in American money.

I felt a little proud. Titsa Macropolis had cost only a hundred and ten thousand lira. Quickly I folded my hands over my breasts, as if already the property of this tall dark Arab.

I noticed Jelal el Amal was no longer in view.

The auctioneer gulped and stammered. "I a-am offered t-two hundred thousand lira. Does anyone bid any more? Am I offered two hundred ten? Five? Three? One?"

"Going once for two hundred thousand lira. Going twice!

Sold—to the sheik Bayazid ibn Khalek for two hundred thousand lira—the American tourist lady!”

All hell broke loose!

The men who attended these auctions did so with the idea of seeing a free sex show. They came to throw in a cheap bids—they drove the price of the slave girls up, which was why they were allowed in by the auction authorities—but mainly they came to ogle the females.

They had had little chance to ogle the Drum girl, and there were dissatisfied. Arab tempers are hot tempers. Somebody drew a dagger. Somebody else fired a revolver. Voices screamed and screeched. I heard chairs breaking.

The auctioneer was rigid in fright, his mouth open.

Somebody ran out onto the stage. It was Jelal el Amal. He grabbed my wrist and yanked me along behind him.

“Hey, buster!”

“Quiet, you little fool! You’ve just about ruined everything! Now come along quietly if you want to save your skin.”

I digested that as I ran with my dress up around my middle, with my bare breasts flopping, past the cages where the old hags were staring dumbly.

Jelal shouted something in Arabic. A man in a burnoose sprang to open the stage door. Then I was outside in the sunlight on a railed patio of the *wakf*, staring at a big black Rolls Royce that was pulling toward the white marble patio steps. Scrapings of blue paint could be seen on its headlights, mementos of the recent Arab-Israeli six hour war, when the car and taxi drivers of Beirut had prepared for a blackout.

“Into it,” snarled Jelal.

His hand hurled me forward, staggering. The back door of the Rolls Royce flew open. I flew in, to land on hands and knees before my new master, the Sheik Bayazid ibn-Khalek.

“Get up, you idiot,” he snapped.

“Now look, Charley—”

His brown hand on my wrist yanked me upward. Jelal

al Amal was trying to get into the car. My behind plumped on the car seat. Jelal dropped beside me, a Luger automatic in his hand.

I stared at it. "Are you g-going to shoot me?"

He snarled, "No indeed. You cost us too much money."

"Not us, Chaim. L.U.S.T. will pay the tab."

"L.U.S.T.?" I screeched.

The car had been picking up speed while we had been conversing. It was doing ninety as it flashed between the gates of the big estate. It began doing a hundred, then a hundred and ten.

"Certainly, L.U.S.T." snarled Jelal. "You don't think *we* wanted to buy you, did you?"

"Who's we?" I asked weakly.

"Israeli Intelligence," snapped the Sheik Bayazid ibn-Khalek.

I shook my head back and forth. I was dreaming. I just had to be. I wasn't careening down one of the main drags in Beirut at a hundred miles an hour—they really drive like this in Beirut, honest to God!—sitting between two gentlemen from Jerusalem disguised as Arabs.

"Are they coming?" asked Bayazid.

"No, sir," replied the driver.

"Report when you sight them."

The sheik turned to me. His eyes were hard. "Thanks to that ecdysiast act you put on, you forced your price away up. But this is none of our affair. Since your League of Underground Spies and Terrorists is footing the bill, I'd have bid a million."

"Gee, thanks, fella. Your sympathy is overwhelming. But tell me, if we're really both on the same side, how did you find out about me?"

His smile pitied my stupidity. "We have agents here and there in Jordan, Iraq, Lebanon, Syria and Egypt. We had already received a dossier about you, and the fact that you might be sold into slavery in Beirut.

"We made copies of your picture and distributed them to

our agents here in Lebanon. You were recognized. Word was sent to me. I came and bought you."

"And ruined a disguise it's taken us fifteen years to build up," mourned Jelal.

"It's worth it if this girl can deliver the goods."

"I suppose so."

I said, "I guess you didn't hear that things went wrong in Marrakesh? No, I suppose not. With David Anderjanian in a plane on his way back to the United States and with Major Hartley dead, who was left to tell you?"

The men looked surprised.

We were speeding along the coastal road, with the Mediterranean Sea a blue mirror to our right, with the mountains of Lebanon and their cedar trees to our left. We could make out a number of farms dotted here and there on the hills.

This section of the coastal plain through which we were speeding contains an almost straight coastline, running parallel with the mountains fifteen miles to the east. It is almost as old as history itself, this land: it contains the remains of cities that were ancient before Dido left Tyre to found Carthage. The sands of these dunes are coarse, often pebbly, with sandstone ridges running close beside the sea, occasionally rising upward to form small cliffs.

We must have been hitting a hundred and twenty, but the Rolls just purred along smoothly. I began to feel better.

"I'm sorry, boys," I muttered. "I thought all bets were off. You see, the bad guys got hold of me in Marrakesh and I was really going to be sold into slavery. I was just trying to up the price so my new master would have more respect for me."

They listened to my story with disbelief in their eyes, but the more I talked, the more the disbelief vanished, until they were quite contrite about the whole affair. Jelal mumbled apologies, Bayazid patted my hand.

Jelal said, "This man you know as the Sheik Bayazid ibn-Khalek is really a lieutenant in our Intelligence service, Chaim Hacham."

Bayazid grinned, "Jelal is Captain Amos Warhaftig."

A question had been bugging me ever since we'd left the auction rooms, so I asked, "I may be stupid, but why are we being followed? We didn't break any laws, did we? So why would A.L.L.A.H. tail us?"

"Who can explain A.L.L.A.H.?" asked Amos-Jelal. "We did leave suddenly, you know, when the rioting broke out. A.L.L.A.H. agents are very alive to such things. Maybe they penetrated our disguises some time ago and were just biding their time before striking. Who knows? We'd have to stop and ask, and none of us has any intention of doing that."

"So where do we go from here?" I wanted to know.

It was the driver who answered me. "Captain, two motor-cyclists followed by a big black limousine are far behind us, and gaining slowly."

Captain Warhaftig growled, "Faster, then."

"I can go no faster."

Amos grinned and tightened his grip on the revolver. "Then we fight." His eyes smiled at me. "The Rolls is bullet-proof at its back. The sides, too. I think."

I let my fingers play with my charm bracelet. "Maybe I can help a little, boys," I offered.

They just smiled at me. Then they turned and kept their eyes fastened to the rear, where the motorcyclists and the big limousine kept inching up on us. They must have been doing one-fifty, I figured. I tried to calculate how long it would take them to draw even with us.

Something thudded against the back of the car, like leaden raindrops. Bullets sang as they whistled past the Rolls Royce windows. I saw dirt jump where they hit the road on either side.

Amos-Jelal leaned out the window, and his Luger bucked. Chaim-Bayazid was gripping a Colt .45, and its deep roar came close to deafening me. Every once in a while they would let go with what I am sure was an Israeli cussword.

"It's like trying to shoot ducks from a merry-go-round,"

grumbled Amos-Jelal, drawing his head and arm back inside the car to reload.

The leaden raindrops on the back of the Rolls were a steady tattoo, now. I felt as if somebody was kicking me in the spine.

"How close are we to the Israeli border?" I wondered.

"About fifteen miles. Or eight minutes, say."

"How long before the other side catches up?"

"Five minutes," snapped Chaim.

"Move over in the middle," I told him. When he looked stubborn, I said, "Look, I'm a L.U.S.T. agent. I can get you safely across the border. Just trust me."

He got up. I slid into his seat, he dropped into mine. I slipped my head out cautiously. The two motorcyclists were a hundred yards back and coming fast.

I fumbled at my charm bracelet. I tore loose the disc with the bull-head. By tearing it loose, I activated its mechanism just as ripping the pin on a hand grenade will set it clicking. I cocked my arm. I threw.

There was a wink of gold in the air as the charm arched through the Lebanese sunlight. The trinket hit the handlebar of the left-hand motorcycle. The startled driver looked down—and his world blew up.

Pieces of bloody flesh and broken motorcycle parts rained upward and sideways into the air. I saw an arm drop down on the shoulders of the other cyclist. He flinched and lost control of his vehicle. It swerved, skidded at the hundred and fifty miles an hour it was doing, and slammed hard into a road marker erected to commemorate some ancient Phoenician happenstance of history.

The man splattered himself against the stone.

The black limousine came on, unchecked by what had happened to its outriders. On either side of its opened windows, two mean-looking sub-machine guns were spitting red flame and hot lead at my golden head. I ducked for cover.

I yanked off the world globe. I stuck my arm outside the

Rolls Royce window. I threw blindly. There was a baaa-laaamm a moment later.

"Missed," muttered Chaim, staring through the bullet-proof rear window that was a cobweb of cracked glass by this time.

I yanked off the beer barrel. This time I stuck my head out and aimed. The beer barrel landed ten feet in front of the speeding limousine. The car ran right over it. The beer barrel blew up under the transmission and the limousine and its cargo rained beer barrel polka dots all across the landscape.

I drew back inside the tonneau of the Rolls Royce and closed my eyes. I drew a couple of deep breaths. When I opened my eyes, Captain Amos and Lieutenant Chaim were eying me with deep respect.

"Maybe you were worth all those lira after all," grunted Amos-Jelal.

"They do train you L.U.S.T. agents well, I must admit," added Bayazid-Chaim with a slow grin. "Thanks, honey."

"Forget it, fellows. I did it for myself as well as for you. Now what's our next course of action?"

Neither man knew. Their only orders had been to liberate me. What would happen to me from this moment on depended on what their Intelligence network, cooperating with Interpol, L.U.S.T. and M.I. 5, could discover.

All Amos and Chaim could tell me as we flashed over the border and into Israel, was that a room had been reserved for me at the Sheraton-Tel Aviv. I would be registered as a tourist.

The city of Tel Aviv was founded as late as 1909. Planned as a kind of suburb for Jaffa, it grew fast, expanding outward to encompass the sandstone ridges of the coastal plateau, as far as the south bank of the river Yarqon. In 1950, Tel Aviv became united with Jaffa.

Today, Tel Aviv's waterfront area, dotted with large, modern hotels, has become the center of a thriving tourist trade. One of the largest hotels is the Sheraton-Tel Aviv. It

has everything anybody could need, especially a girl who has just been freed from slavery.

I was whisked out of the limousine into a side entrance and through a lobby where nobody took the slightest interest in little old me. After all, I was still wearing the black dress in which I had been auctioned off. With a sigh of relief, I watched Amos-Jelal throw open the door of my suite.

My shoes came off. I walked barefooted on a deep-piled blue carpet, and dropped into an easychair. This was a suite, for fair. I could see a bedroom through a partially opened door, and a little of the sea through one of the big, picture windows.

"We will be in touch with L.U.S.T.," Captain Warhaftig smiled. "I'll report back, let you know what your orders are."

"Do that, honey. Meanwhile, I suppose it'd be all right to have myself a shower?"

"By all means," He hesitated, then asked. "Would you like me to send somebody up from one of the clothing stores? For a pair of-ah-lounging pyjamas or a robe or some such thing?"

"Captain, you're a doll."

He flushed, came close to saluting, settled for a bow and a smile, and closed the door behind him. I started yanking up my skirt as the lock-bolt clicked into place. I felt dirty and grimy. I wanted soap and water.

I stripped naked and left my clothes by the chair. I ran naked through the bedroom and into the blue and white tiled bathroom adjoining it. I fiddled with the fixtures and in a moment was running wet soap over my pelt as the warm shower waters caressed it.

It isn't often a L.U.S.T. agent can revel in such luxury. I did some reveling, running that bar of soap all over me, spending some time on my breasts and then working up a froth in my intimacies. I hadn't had a wash like this since I don't know when.

Half an hour later, I was still in the shower stall when the doorbell buzzed. I hopped out, wrapped myself in a big bath towel and pattered on bare feet to the door. I put my hand on the doorknob, but before I turned it, I called out for my visitor to identify himself.

"Shopping service, ma'am," said a female voice.

I opened the door. My finger was on the ring David Anderjanian had given me back in Marrakesh, but I didn't need it. A pretty woman was standing in the hallway, a couple of packages under her arms.

"I'm Ada Weisgal from the hotel shop," she smiled as she entered. "Captain Warhaftig asked us to accommodate your needs. I brought up some pyjamas, a bathrobe." Her eyes twinkled. "He said you'd be taking a shower."

I grabbed the goodies, ran into the bathroom, toweled off, and put the loungers on. They fit a little snugly, but they made me look like a female female, if you get what I mean. The big-print culotte just about managed to get itself over my hips and around my generous breasts.

The saleslady really opened her eyes when she saw me. "You can take two sizes larger. You'll have to forgive me, I went by the Captain's somewhat halting description."

I laughed. "I like it the way it is. It makes me feel indecent." I stared down at the bumps my nipples made against the thin Estron acetate. "But I don't want to be as exposed as this when I go out in public, except maybe to the beach."

The saleslady giggled misunderstandingly. "Captain Warhaftig is a handsome man," she smiled. I didn't bother correcting her.

Speak of the devil! The doorbell buzzed and Captain Warhaftig came striding into the room. He gulped at sight of me and flushed when the saleslady giggled again. Then he drew himself up like the soldier he was.

"Your credit has been confirmed, ma'am," he said. "Your organization has agreed to the price, and to an establishment of unlimited credit for your necessities."

The saleslady looked at the Captain, then at me. She smiled, made an excuse, and left. Amos-Jelal nodded appreciatively at the closed door, saying, "Smart girl, that one. She knew I wanted to be alone with you."

"Why, captain," I laughed.

He grinned wryly. "It's about your orders, actually. L.U.S.T. was delighted to learn you are alive. This means we can go on with the original plan of getting you into Saudi Arabia to prevent the destruction of the black stone."

"I figured as much. Go on, please."

"Since we never knew you were supposed to be dead—as L.U.S.T. believed when the body of Major Hartley was found, we can move at once—or in a day or two, at most."

"I guess I won't need all those clothes, after all," I commented, seeing a shopping spree going out the window. I sank into a chair and crossed the Drum legs, so faithfully outlined in the flesh-hugging culotte legs.

"Not really," he told me, letting his stare run over the mounds of my breasts and belly.

I studied him. There was a hesitation in his manner that had nothing to do with the Eve Drum shape. "Get it off your chest, captain. What is it?"

He began walking up and down the room.

"We have known for some time there is an A.L.L.A.H. group here in Tel Aviv-Jaffa. They will have been informed that a woman slave was bought by the Sheik Bayazid ibn-Khalek. They will have learned by now there is no such sheik. It was one of our intelligence creations."

"And so the local A.L.L.A.H. chapter will be out hunting for me," I finished for him.

He spread his hands. "Something like that, yes. We dare not move you out until we make certain that A.L.L.A.H. will not strike at you here." His face broke into a gentle smile. "You are a very important person, Miss Drum. On you may hinge the fate of the entire world."

"Oh, I wouldn't say that," I protested.

"Only because you do not know the Arab fanaticism. We

in Israel who are so close to it, understand it very well. If A.L.L.A.H. succeeds in its plan of blowing up the sacred black stone—and blaming it on the Israelis—we may well have World War Three.”

“Major Hartley told me much the same thing. I know what’s going on—so there’s only one thing to do. Let A.L.L.A.H. make its try for me.”

Shock and horror wrote their lines across his face. “You’re joking! You don’t know what you’re saying.”

“I know damn well what I’m saying. You want to get rid of A.L.L.A.H. here in Tel Aviv-Jaffa. You can’t find its headquarters. Now let me ask you, in the event that A.L.L.A.H. catches up to me, will they shoot me dead?”

“Of course not. They’ll want to interrogate you.”

“And they’ll take me to their headquarters, right?”

Warhaftig chuckled, then grew serious. “You mean, you’ll lead us to it. You’ll let A.L.L.A.H. grab you, take you there. We will follow and stage a raid.”

“Right. You can whip up a bugging device, can’t you—say, in the shape of a Tampax tampon? Something I can insert out of sight, that may not be suspected until it’s too late.”

The big Israeli walked up and down the room, beating his hands together in an agony of indecision. A vein throbbed on the side of his neck.

“I dare not risk it. I just don’t dare. You’re too valuable to be exposed as a mere pawn.”

“I’m the only pawn they’ll move against. They want to find out what’s behind the caper with the Sheik Bayazid. Only I can tell them.”

“If you die—”

“I don’t intend to die. I intend to be in Mecca for the fireworks. Come on, captain—you’re wasting time. Go get that bugging device for me.”

I went to the door with him. I told him I was going to get some sleep. He nodded and promised to be back before dinner-time with the telltale Tampon.

Ten minutes after I woke up from a dreamless sleep, there was a knock on the door. I got my ring ready to fire as I tiptoed closer. I relaxed when a voice told me it was Captain Warhaftig.

He was putting a small paper box in my palm as the doorbell rang again. It was the saleslady with half a dozen clerks carrying packages. My Israeli wardrobe had arrived.

I selected a garnet-red Arkay evening gown, a couple of bikini swimsuits, some underwear, a few new garterbelts and sets of stockings, two jump suits and three dresses for street wear. After all, I had a role to play, that of tourist lady in Tel Aviv, until A.L.L.A.H. made its move.

"Shoes," I said suddenly, and the salesgirl nodded.

"The shoes will be coming very soon."

"And a hairdresser," I added.

"After the shoes," she smiled.

I had an eight o'clock dinner date with Amos Warhaftig. He was right on time, a little nervous, but grimly determined to see this caper through to its conclusion. He told me in a whisper as we walked down the otherwise empty hall to an elevator, that Israeli intelligence personnel were scattered throughout the hotel and ready for trouble.

There was no trouble. We feasted on taheena—a fish of sesame seeds, oil and garlic, in which you push around a chunk of peeta, a flat, pancake-like bread—and on shashlik. This shashlik is delicious, consisting of charcoal-grilled chunks of lamb broiled on a skewer between wedges of onions and tomatoes. We ended up with coffee and a tidbit off a pastry wagon.

Afterward, we went dancing at the hotel nightclub.

Next day I put on my skimpiest bikini, one that came down four inches from my bellybutton and covered maybe half my behind cheeks, so that everybody would take notice of me. I swam a little, I sunbathed, I paraded around the pool and fought off wolves.

No dice. Nothing. Not even a murmur.

I figured maybe I was giving A.L.L.A.H. too much credit.

They should have made their try before now. So I started wandering. I went alone to the Tourist Information office on Mendele Street, I went to the rent-a-car agency on Hayarkon Street and got me a little runabout.

I drove to the Lod Airport, I traveled to Caesaria to inspect the Roman mosaics, the water jars, the Crusader walls with chunks of Roman columns and statuary incorporated into them. I even went to a kibbutz, one of those tiny communities where everyone works, where everyone dines in a communal hall, where men and women work in groups on the farms or at one of the kibbutz's many industries.

And still nothing happened.

I had been a full six days in Tel Aviv. I was having the time of my life. Amos Warhaftig made an excellent companion, he was handsome, he danced well, he looked great in swimming trunks. But he was a worrier. According to his philosophy, we should not be enjoying ourselves. We should be suffering because of A.L.L.A.H.

On Wednesday evening, Amos took me downstairs in the Sheraton-Tel Aviv to have a look at the old stone walls which date back to Phoenician days, and which had been incorporated into the hotel itself, as a decoration. I found myself fascinated by the old stone inscriptions, the carvings. I thought to myself that men and women dead more than two thousand years had walked these labyrinthine ways, before going off on sea voyages or maybe even to be sacrificed to Baal or Moloch.

The thought touched me that maybe I was a modern sacrificed to the power gods of our own world. Somewhere out there in the city, A.L.L.A.H. agents were waiting to grab me, throw me on a torture table, and see how many questions they could make me answer.

There were tables in the room to one side of the plaster-block display walls. You could play bridge here, or gin rummy or mah jong. You could also down a couple of cocktails. I chose martinis, Amos Warhaftig settled for something a little milder, like daiquiris.

His face had aged, it seemed to me, in the past couple of days. His worry was stamped in lines for the whole world to see.

I took out my compact to study my own face. "You ought to relax, captain," I murmured.

In the compact mirror, I saw a third face watching me.

Chapter SIX

The face was lean, dark brown. Black eyes blazed fanatically at my back, sending cold chills right down my spine, hitting every lumbar vertebra. These were the eyes of a killer.

I started to open my mouth to warn him when the face went away from the aperture in the Phoenician walls through which it had been peering at me. Amos and I were alone in the lounge. Instead of the face, I saw a revolver barrel fitted with a silencer slide into the opening where the face had been.

I heaved at the table, hitting Amos Warhaftig in the belly with its far edge. The martini and the daiquiri went flying. So did the captain, mouthing an Israeli swear word.

"Quiet," I said as I landed on the floor beside him. "I thing good old A.L.L.A.H. has come alive at last."

He was reaching for the revolver in his shoulder holster when I caught his hand. "I think you're supposed to be dead. So relax, sweetie."

I scrambled off the floor, whirling. Three men were coming from the Phoenician labyrinth, straight for me. One of them was Brown-face. I did not scream. I figured they had planned this too well to allow for anyone being close enough to hear me screech. Instead I ran straight toward them.

Their faces showed their surprise an instant before my hands went out to grip Brown-face by either side of his jacket shoulders. I yanked down with my left hand and pushed my right handgrip up at his left jawbone. My left leg bent to kneel just as I heaved with all my strength.

Brown-face went flying sideways under the floating drop. This *uki otoshi* is designed to slam your opponent flat on his back, preferably with the wind knocked out of him. I got an added bonus when his head hit the floor with a hollow thump and he passed out cold.

I did not stand around to watch what happened. I was off and running for the Phoenician wall labyrinth. I did not worry about the Captain. He seemed to be dead—at least, he didn't move—and I was no helpless female to be grabbed and slammed into a car.

The two men with Brown-face whirled and came for me. I ran into the narrow tunnelway and skidded around a corner. I had to let them capture me, but I had to make it look good. And fast. They didn't have all night, down here.

They came after me like hunting hounds on the trail. The plaster walls of these ancient ruins were not so spacious that I could play cat and mouse. In seconds they would be all over me.

I whirled, I dove for them.

I deliberately slipped as I jumped so they could get their paws on me. Then all three of us were wrestling around on the floor of the labyrinth. They were gentlemen compared to the hoods who had abducted me in Marrakesh. No foul blows for them. They tried to do it as gently as possible. I guess they had been told that A.L.L.A.H. wanted a live woman, not a corpse.

So I gave the boys a hand. I winced where I was not hurt, I sagged at a blow on the neck I could have thrown off. I let the fight go on for about thirty seconds, then I collapsed.

The boys talked Arabic, so I did not understand the words they grunted as they hauled me to my feet, but from their inflections I gathered they were cursing this infidel chick up and down and sideways. Each had nail marks—long, bloody furrows—on his cheeks. Each bore the bites of my teeth on hand or arm.

I pretended I could scarcely walk so they had to support

me between them. This slowed them down, giving the Israeli intelligence crowd the chance to zero in on the Tampax tampon bugging device I had secreted in my girl-girl opening. I sagged, I bent, I slid and slipped like an exasperating bag of meal.

The A.L.L.A.H. boys were game. They took turns carrying me. They got me out a back way and into a big, closed car. They never bothered about Brown-face. I guess he was expendable.

The car hummed off into the night.

I was sitting between the two agents, there was a driver up front. He kept saying something and laughing, which made my two captors very angry. I assumed he was twitting them about three grown men taking such a beating capturing a pagan pussycat.

The car traveled the darkened streets of Tel Aviv-Jaffa into the Old City, which had been a settlement in pre-historic times for hunters and fishermen. Farmers tilled the soil of Jaffa hill in the Chalcolithic period—roughly known as the copper and stone age, or the borderline between history and prehistory—before the Phoenicians settled here and built the fortifications that were the beginnings of the city itself. Jaffa is very old, maybe five thousand years or more.

The modern Old City has many of its streets and alleyways paved with cobblestones. It makes for rough travel in a car that wants to go fast. I got jounced around so much I gave up pretending to be unconscious.

"I'm not rich," I told the two men.

The driver said, "Save it, lady."

"Hey, you're an American," I babbled. "Tell these creeps I'm worth about maybe five hundred Israeli pounds—no more."

"It won't work, lady. A.L.L.A.H. thinks you know something it should know, so save your breath. One more thing. I'm not American, even if I was born and raised for fifteen years in the Bronx, New York."

"Who's Allah?" I asked.

"Come off it," the driver grunted.

This was all our conversation. Not very illuminating, but it told me one thing. A.L.L.A.H. would really go to work on me to learn my part in what was going on. I felt the sweat ooze out from my pores. I hoped Captain Amos Warhaftig was following the beeps my telltale tampon was giving off.

The car stopped in front of a delapidated store that looked as if it did no business at all. I was hustled out and shoved into a big room that looked like a catch-basin for unwanted goods consigned to the Salvation Army. There was junk everywhere, piled all the way up to the ceiling.

I was hurried along through a narrow aisle and up a back stairs. A door opened. I stood rooted for a moment in dumb shock.

I stood in a castle. Thick rugs lay on the floor, heaped here and there with cushions. Gold filagree lamps hung on chains from a tilted ceiling. There were no windows—the outside windows were all boarded up—but the walls were masterpieces of Oriental art.

A man in a turban and a striped jellaby came striding toward me. His dark face was handsome, but his eyes were small and cruel.

"Good work, Abdul. And you, Hamid."

He put a fingertip under my chin, lifting my face. He sighed, "As for you, my dear—I feel only pity. Perhaps you will save yourself time and trouble by explaining in detail why and how the Sheik Bayazid—who is no sheik, we realized after an investigation—bought you and brought you into Israel."

"My daddy sent him to rescue me, chief."

His hand slapped my cheek hard. His laughter was soft and gentle. "No nonsense, my pet. I am playing against time for a very important prize. You will speak the truth."

His palms clapped. Part of the ceiling opened and a contraption of chains and straps dropped downward. At the same time, strong hands grabbed my cocktail dress and ripped it down my shoulders past my brassiered breasts.

Abdul and Hamid were calmly stripping me naked. The man in the turban eyed my big white mounds pushing up out of the bra cups. His black eyes sparkled hotly. These Arabs sure have a low boiling point. Or did I say that before?

The Chief himself removed my bra, hooking his hands into it and yanking. My breasts flew out and bounced. He licked his lips.

"A shame to mar such beauty. I think you'd better talk." He was watching the rest of my dress slide down my nyloned legs and to the floor. I had an Olga panty-girdle on, its garters holding up my stockings.

The Chief ran his hot grubby hands down the panty-girdle, freeing my soft haunches. The Chief began to fondle my belly and my buttocks, walking around me slowly.

"Ah, you will be a treat, *yah bint!* Never have I had such a one to put to the question."

His palm brushed my groin teasingly. "Perhaps if you talk fast enough, we can enjoy a little *nayk* before we kill you."

"You'll have to rape me," I grated.

His laughter rang out. "That's the best kind, girl."

The chains made scarey music as they jangled just above my head. My arms were lifted, my wrists were fastened in the soft leather straps. Tight. The chains lifted. I was drawn up off the floor a good foot. The chains lowered, then lifted. The boys were playing pogo-stick with me, and enjoying the results no end, because my breasts were shaking up and down, my behind flesh was jiggling, and even my belly was doing a kind of kootch dance.

I wondered if this elevator ride would make the bugging device slide from its hiding place. I squeezed my thighs together.

The Chief signalled with a hand and more chains were lowered. Abdul and Hamid grasped my ankles and pulled my legs apart.

I was stark naked by this time. I tried to kick my legs loose but Abdul and his pal were too strong. They lifted my

legs and held them while the Chief strapped the ankles. The chains lifted.

I was held spread-eagled by wrists and ankles about five feet off the floor. I sagged in the middle while the Chief came to stand in the vee of my thighs. His eyes touched the golden puff of my privacy while his hands caught hold of the soft flesh of my inner thighs.

His hands pinched. The sharp pain made my body jerk convulsively. The Chief laughed.

"I'm going to enjoy these next few hours. A real blonde! My, my. This will be a pleasure. Abdul!"

Abdul came running with a thin rattan rod. The Chief made it whistle in the air once or twice, enjoying the terrified looks I was giving it. What the hell was keeping Amos Warhaftig? Then the rod rose and fell across my belly.

The touch of rod on flesh was like red fire on my flesh. I humped upward in the straps, hearing the chains rattle over my sudden cry. The Chief bent and let the rod sting my buttocks. His laughter drowned out my moan.

Three more times he used the rod, across my thighs, across my breasts, between my widespread thighs. The last blow really made me do a frug parallel to the floor. It hurt like Billy-be-damned. It also made me more than a little mad at Captain Warhaftig. He should have been here by now.

"Well? Will you talk?" asked the Chief.

The tears of pain in my eyes blurred his face as I looked up at him. I shook my head, saying, "There's nothing to tell. Honestly."

The rod stung my genitals again. And again.

"Now?" he asked.

"Never," I grated.

"A shame, really a shame," he murmured.

Abdul brought a stool and the Chief seated himself comfortably between my chain-spread legs. He cried out and the chains that held my ankles lifted them high so that my privacy made an easy target for the rattan rod.

The rod hit me. I jerked wildly, crying out.

"Abdul, a bet. I can make her talk just with the rod alone," said the Chief.

"A bet, sir. A hundred."

"Done!"

The rod lifted and fell. I lost count after ten. I just hung there in a welter of agony, my body shaking convulsively. I was sobbing, my throat was raw from screaming. The chains clanked every so often to echo the sodden splaaatt of the rod on my tormented flesh.

"Abdul!"

"Sir?"

"Bring in the cages!"

There was a little silence. I hung there with my arms feeling as if they were being pulled from their sockets, my thighs numb. I felt the pain shooting along every nerve-end I possessed. Nothing could hurt me any more than this.

Oh, yeah?

Wheels ran smoothly across the carpeted floor. I turned my head listlessly—and froze. I was looking at three iron-barred cages. The first cage held a big orang-outang, the second contained a grey donkey. The third cage held a big dog.

The Chief walked into view, smiling down at me. He was smoking a cigarette in a mother-of-pearl holder. "Now be a sensible girl," he urged me. "Tell us why the Sheik Bayazid bought you. And who he is. Or else—"

"I shall be forced to give you to the tender embraces of some especially trained animals. I assume you have read Apulius?"

I had read Apulius. The historian told of a woman condemned to be slain in the arena, after first being raped by a wild jackass. I knew that bestiality had been refined by the Romans into scenes of exquisite cruelty.

My disgust must have showed itself on my face, for the Chief began to chuckle. He said, "The orang-outang is not so bad. Some native women in Africa have been known to take a Barbary ape as a lover."

He sighed and shook his head. "But the donkey, he is another matter. He is so large, he will rip tissues. You understand?" He put his hand on my belly, stroking it. "Be smart. Tell me what I want to know."

Just beyond him, I could see Hamid fumbling with the lock that held closed the iron-barred cage in which the orang-outang was pacing up and down. Its reddish eyes were glaring at my nudity. I wondered how many girls had been used up to train these beasts.

I whispered, "Even if I tell you, you'll turn lose things on me. Why shouldn't you? You'll have gotten what you want. And you'd never let me live."

I had to play for time. Damn Captain Warhaftig!

"No, indeed. If you talk, you go free."

"Believe that!"

"On my honor as a Moslim," he smiled.

"Yeah, hey!"

We went on like this for a few minutes. Precious minutes to me, if Israeli Intelligence was on its way. The horrible thought struck me that maybe the telltale tampon was broken, that it wasn't working. And that Amos Warhaftig was going nuts out there in Tel Aviv, trying to track me down—and failing.

Eventually, the Chief lost patience. He made a signal to Hamid and the cage with the orang-outang in it was wheeled directly in front of me. The orang-outang was jumping up and down excitedly, clinging to the bars of its cage and shaking them.

The orang-outan male weighs about two hundred pounds, and is roughly four feet tall. The Malay word which is its name means Man of the Woods. Bouncing around in its cage, it really did look like a short man in a fur coat to me. Its muscles bulged its shaggy brown hair.

Abdul pushed a table under me. I felt it touch my spine. Gratefully, I welcomed its support, even though I knew it was there to give the wild animal glaring at me the means to rape my helpless flesh.

"No," I whimpered. "No—please."

"Talk," said the Chief, lighting another cigarette. "We have guessed that you must be working with Israeli Intelligence or with Interpol. You're out to stop A.L.L.A.H. from its great mission—to drive the infidels into the sea, to slaughter the last interloper in our world, to annihilate the people of Israel.

"If we cannot do it ourselves, with our own armies—we are willing to drag Russia and the United States, England, France, Italy—the whole world—into this holy war!"

"If you know so much, what can I tell you?"

"We wish to know how much the Israelis know. You will tell us."

"I don't know anything!" I yelped.

The cage door was being opened by Abdul, grinning down at me. The orang-outang was chittering in excitement.

"Abdul—release him!"

The cage door swung wide. The beast leaped for me.

I screamed.

And the orang-outang went backward off its feet, slamming into Abdul, driving him into the cage door with a loud, metallic clang. There was a big red blob where its right eye had been. It was dead before it thudded to the floor.

The Chief whirled. His mouth opened to scream but no sound came out. His forehead held a round black hole where a bullet had gone into it. He fell backward, dead on his feet.

Gunshots were erupting all over the place. Men were yelling in Arabic, screaming frantically in surprised terror. I just lay there on the table with my eyes squeezed shut, waiting for the massacre to end.

After a time, hands were touching the straps at my ankles and my legs. Other hands were supporting them, lowering my legs gently to the table.

"We'll have a stretcher," lieutenant Chaim Hachim was saying. "We were delayed. Our receiving apparatus broke

down. We had to get another. I'm sorry if it—er—inconvenienced you."

"You don't know the half of it," I moaned. "Easy, boys. I feel as if part of me has been torn loose."

Chaim Hachim looked, and went white.

They waited until they could get a doctor who shot some morphine into me to kill the pain. Then they put me to sleep with another drug. The last thing I saw was a stretcher being opened beside the table where I lay.

I opened my eyes in a hospital room. There was a nurse there. When she saw I was awake, she got a long needle and shot some more scopolamine into me. I went back to sleep.

Then I opened my eyes to a dark room. "Nurse?" I called. I felt a lot stronger. There was no more pain, though I could feel bandages wedged between my thighs. I stirred a little, squeezing my legs. Still no pain.

I called a little louder, and the door opened. A different nurse stood there, smiling at me. Her hand touched a light switch and a bed-table lamp went on. The nurse turned and called me to somebody out in the corridor.

Captain Warhaftig came into the room. He was smiling broadly, "Feeling better?"

"Like nothing happened," I grinned.

The nurse said quietly, "There will still be twinges, for a little while, but we think we did a pretty good job on you."

"And the best part is, you're going home to the United States," added my pal Jelal-Amos.

I lay there and stared at him. "How come?"

"When we reported what A.L.L.A.H. did to you, L.U.S.T. decided they didn't want to risk you any more."

I thought about that. I asked, "Then you didn't learn anything from the raid?"

"We learned a lot," the captain said, seating himself in a chair beside the bed. "We've learned that the attack on the sacred black stone is to take place about a week from

now. The man running the show is the Shiek Habib ibn Masrak, who lives in Riyadh close by the palace of King Saud himself."

"Oh? And you've got a plan to stop him?"

"Not exactly. We can't figure out a way to get in to him. He lives in a palace that's guarded like your United States mint. Nobody but nobody can walk through its doors who isn't vouched for by A.L.L.A.H. itself."

"Are you trying to tell me L.U.S.T. is quitting? That you're quitting too?" I snapped. "Come on now. What's the gimmick?"

The expression threw him, so I had to explain what it meant. Captain Warhaftig brightened. "Oh? So! Well, no. No gimmick. We're going to mass our men—as many secret agents as we can muster—in Mecca, and try to prevent the bomb try there."

"Like hell you will," I said in my most unladylike manner. I tried to sit up. Amos Warhaftig looked a little worried, but I made it. "You go contact David Anderjanian. Just tell him the tourist lady is going to finish her trip. You tell him she won't come back until it's over over here."

The Captain beamed. "I was hoping you'd say that—but it was my duty to report what L.U.S.T. said, and to let you make the decision."

"All right, that's settled. Now let me think. I've heard that name Habib ibn Masrak somewhere before."

I thought and thought. Captain Warhaftig waited patiently. Where had I heard that name? Then it came to me. Bantam Boy had spewed it out after Josefa, Titsa, Caterina and I had amused ourselves with him. He had been real mad, he had choked out curses on our heads.

How had he said it? 'I hope the Sheik Habib ibn Masrak gets hold of you all for his merry-go-round. A dame a day, that's the Sheik Habib! He goes through women like water through a funnel.'

To take a different dame each day must mean he used up a lot of dames. He would have to have an almost limit-

less supply of women. He had to get those women somewhere. That somewhere was probably a slave market.

I told Captain Warhaftig about the Sheik Habib.

"If I could get into his harem by the regular means, I might be able to work something out. The best way to stop A.L.L.A.H. is to stop the man who's going to do the bombing."

"We may be able to help you there. We have a contact with a slave-seller in Medina who supplies many of the richer Arabian sheiks. These men are so wealthy from the oil on their otherwise arid lands, they can afford almost anything.

"A woman a day, for instance, should not be too expensive an indulgence for a man who makes ten thousand American dollars a week!"

I asked, "How soon can you contact this slave dealer?"

"Within the hour."

I slithered down under the sheets and blankets.

It was midday before I woke up. I stretched my legs and then squeezed them together. All I got was the sensual tickling that comes over me sometimes when I am about to get the hots. I smiled, running my smooth palms down my belly and across my sensitive groin. I was going home in half an hour, and I was mighty glad about it.

The nurse assigned to me came at my call. There was a valise with some clothes in it for me. I slid out of bed and examined its contents. The hospital nightie came off and I studied my nudity in the mirror.

I looked absolutely delicious, except for a bruise-mark here and there. I giggled and reached for a pair of black bikini panties. I had a plan in mind.

An hour later, I phoned Captain Warhaftig from my Sheraton-Tel Aviv suite. "Come over and clue me in," I invited.

I selected a pair of black nylon baby-doll pajamas, minus the underpants. The frilly hem came down to my upper thighs. I slid my feet into high-heeled black patent leather pumps. I was nudity in a black mist.

Like that, I went to the door when Amos knocked. His eyes grew big and round as they fell to the jutting nipples of my breasts and the golden puff at my groin. I went on smiling invitingly as he coughed and flushed.

"Come on in," I invited, turning and giving him a back view where the frilly hem swished and swung to my stride. "I figured we'd take it easy while you told me what's what."

I flopped into an easy chair with big, stuffed arms. I drew my feet up under me so my heels could hide my blonde femininity. I gestured for Amos to sit opposite me on the divan. I noticed he crossed his legs.

"The slave dealer will be here in the morning," he began, trying not to look at my body. "You will have to be examined, of course—to make sure you're acceptable to Sheik Habib." He smiled wryly, shifting in discomfort on the divan. "I think I can say there won't be any trouble about that."

I turned to glance back over my shoulder at the clock on the suite wall, that showed two-thirty in the afternoon. In doing so, I let my pale thighs fall apart. I caught a hiss of desire from the throat of Captain Warhaftig.

"I'd better go," he murmured thickly.

I turned back and smiled at him. His eyes were buried in my golden pit and the veins stood out on his forehead.

I pouted, "Oh, and I planned for us to have dinner together—here in my rooms. Do you really have to run off?"

He choked, "I don't trust myself, Miss Drum."

I pretended that understanding had come to me, and clapped my hands gleefully. "Don't tell me that I still get you nervous? I thought you'd seen all you wanted to see of me, back in Beirut—where I was so mean to you."

He licked his lips. "You aren't any kinder to me now, you know," he muttered.

"But those A.L.L.A.H. torturers made me hurt here," I protested, rubbing my hand between my thighs while he stared. "I don't dare wear the panties to this outfit—they'd press too tightly. I figured you'd know that."

Exhibitionism is a more or less commonplace occurrence

in our modern world. The mini-skirt exposes the legs from mid-thigh downward, the micro-skirt from the upper thighs, the bikini swimsuit reveals the naked belly with its dimpled navel, as well as the lower cheeks of the buttocks. Any modern evening gown will display half the female breasts.

There are girls and women who get their kicks just from exposing themselves. They will leave off their panties and sit opposite a man, in the subway or at a party, and casually open their legs while crossing them, letting the man see up their skirts, between their legs. They are called teasers for good reason. Actually, they are afraid to do more than expose themselves. They have a desperate fear of the coital embrace.

To these women, and to some men, exposing themselves becomes a deviation from the norm. They are satisfied just by letting someone see their bodies. Any attempt to take them up on their implied offer will absolutely panic them.

I was no deviate. I was offering myself to Captain Warhaftig, quite boldly and openly. All I was doing was getting him ready, the way a wife will sometimes do a striptease for her husband in their bedroom.

"I guess it doesn't really hurt any more," I smiled at him, "but a girl has to make sure."

"Naturally," he mumbled.

"Still," I added doubtfully, "if I'm going to be sold into slavery to the Sheik Habib ibn Masrak, I really should find out if all my parts are in good working order. Don't you agree?"

I could do no more than hint, unless I slammed him over the head with it. I sat there, grinning, and he sat there staring where I wanted him to stare.

I watched as understanding came to him. He gave a thick, guttural whoop, and erupted off the divan, to fall to his knees before me. His head bent, his lips kissed, and I squirmed in utter delight.

Between kisses, he whispered, "I have dreamed of you, Eve—again and again I have dreamed of just some such moment as this, in which you are the love goddess—the

ancient Astarte of the Phoenicians or Ishtar of Babylon—and I am your worshipper.”

I stroked his head with a hand, wriggling ecstatically.

“You are Al, the Phoenician priapic god,” I whispered.

He lifted his head in surprise. “What do you know about Al? I thought only we Israelis understood the relationship between Al and Yahweh.”

“I read a lot, Captain,” I dimpled. “And I know that a lot of people would be shocked and scandalized if they could read their Bible with a complete understanding of the stories it tells—as they really happened.”

He laughed excitedly. “I have never met a woman like you, who is both beautiful and learned. The only smart women I ever knew didn’t have the sex appeal of a dirty dishrag.”

I asked suddenly, “What’s yours, Captain?”

He looked perfectly blank, so I explained, “Your pet sex act. Everybody has one, some one caper that appeals to him more than any other. Which is it?”

He flushed, trying to smile. But his eyes grew brilliant as he looked up at me. He drew a deep breath to calm his clamoring sexuality. After a moment, he asked, “How did you know?”

“Everybody has one, don’t they? Some one little act they prefer above all the others? Something out of childhood, maybe—or young adulthood. Maybe the reason isn’t known, maybe the cause is buried too deep in the past, but the urge is always there.”

He sighed, “A psychologist, too. You’re too much.”

“Don’t beat around the bush—and I’m not making a funny, Captain. Out with it.”

He rose to his feet. He was tremendously excited, but he made no move to hide himself from my wandering eyes. On the contrary, he started to undress, first his coat, then his tie and shirt, his trousers. Sitting on the divan, he stripped off his shoes and socks.

“I don’t know how you knew it, but you’re right. Every man has one foible where it comes to his jollies.” He looked

a little shamefaced. "I never thought I'd ever do it again—but if you really want to please me—"

"Will you get to the point?" I laughed.

"Go and get dressed," he whispered, face red.

"Roger!" I nodded, bounding from the easy chair. At the doorway into the bedroom, I turned and asked, "In all my best finery, of course?"

He nodded, pushing down his shorts. I stared at his revelation in mounting excitement. Captain Amos Warhaftig was the living representation of Al, the Phoenician Priapus, the Ba'al-Fa'ur of the Midianites, the always-erect one who is represented in India by Shiva, by Ashir of the ancient Canaanites, in Rome by Priapus. He was the generative principle in the flesh.

I wagged my bottom at him as I went into the bedroom. I was to be dressed, he was to be naked. A little switcheroo on the norm that suddenly appealed to me. At some time in his life, maybe at his very first experience of sex, a woman had been fully clothed while he had enjoyed her.

I selected gun-metal nylons and a Bali girdle. I snapped a matching Bali brassiere about my D cup breast mounds. Then I writhed myself into a black satin evening gown that clung faithfully to my every curve. I paced back and forth, studying the Drum chassis in a door mirror.

The evening gown showed my bare back down to my buttocks. In front my breasts were pushed up by the Bali bra into the wide vee of the gown bodice. I looked like a woman about to appear at a formal dinner.

I reached for the telephone.

As I came out of the bedroom, Captain Warhaftig was standing naked, waiting patiently. At sight of me he nodded excitedly. I was a little uncertain of how to proceed, so I said, "I've ordered dinner for us, Amos—to be served here in our room."

To my amazement, tears appeared in his eyes. "Yes, oh yes—but how did you know?"

I stepped close to him, I put my hand on his chest and ran it down past his hard belly to an even greater hardness.

"Was it like this, Amos? Were you naked, while she was dressed? Who was she?"

"My tutoress. She was a married woman. She was a very proud woman, I think. Never would she undress for me. Always she kept her clothes on, but she permitted me to remove mine."

"And she would make love to you?"

He nodded, groaning as my fingers squeezed.

"At dinner time?" I wondered.

"The f-first time was at d-dinner. In her room. My parents had gone out, she was having a late supper, she invited me to sh-share it."

He began to tell me about it. As I listened, I had no idea how important his story was to be to me, a little later on.

Actually, it was going to save my life.

Chapter **SEVEN**

He was sixteen years old, and a virgin.

His family was rich, they could easily afford to pay for a tutoress. They selected a widow in her late thirties, a Mrs. Ruth Kahler. Her husband had been a scientist killed in a chemical explosion. Young Amos fell in love with her at first sight; it was only puppy love, but the sensation was new and exciting, and Amos enjoyed it thoroughly.

He studied hard, he wanted to please this blonde woman with the curving body, with the slow smile and the dark black eyes. He discovered that when he pleased her, she would give him a hug and a kiss on the cheek. His young body responded to her embraces, he grew erect and excited when he felt her soft breasts mash on his chest and her thighs touch his legs.

There were times when Ruth Kahler came into his room when he was in bed, ostensibly to make certain he had tucked himself in properly. She always wore thin nightgowns and as she came through the doorway with the light behind her, it was as if she were naked. He could see slim, shapely legs and rounded hips, the sway of big breasts under the nightgown bodice.

He was positive she did it to excite him, because she would fuss over him, smiling down at the tent he formed in the bedcover. And when she bent to kiss his forehead, he could look down her nightgown at the white breasts quivering before his eyes.

There were times when she would call him into her room

to interrogate him about his lessons. She would be wearing stockings and a girdle with a big-cupped brassiere at those times, or perhaps thin lounging pyjamas he could almost—but not quite—see through.

As a result, she kept him in a ferment of sensual excitement. It was a game she played, he realized, and he flung himself into it with youthful enthusiasm. He pressed his male flesh against her thigh at times, or touched her soft buttocks as if accidentally. She never reprimanded him; they pretended it had never happened. Yet the touches went on, secretly and surreptitiously.

On the night when she played roulette with him, his parents had gone to an important dinner at the home of David Ben-Gurion, the then prime minister of Israel. Mrs. Kahler was in a black satin evening gown she had bought to attend a wedding some weeks before, when Amos went into her room to share a late supper.

"Tonight we will study the principles of chance, Amos," she explained, gesturing at a roulette wheel on a covered card table. "Some day you will inherit your father's wealth, and may want to gamble—just a little. So you should know about things like odds and mathematical probabilities."

She gestured him to a chair beside the table. "Men have gambled for ages. They say that Palamedes, the Greek soldier-general, invented dice to ease the nervousness of his troops before a battle. Early Christians said a gambler could not be a follower of Christ. You know how churches in the United States play bingo."

He listened attentively, his attention divided between her words and her unbound breasts as they swung and jiggled to her movements. He was getting excited, being so near her, with her white body seemingly naked under the black satin gown.

She dropped a metal ball in the roulette wheel, gave the pivot a twirl and watched the ball go bouncing as she explained, "Roulette was invented by Blaise Pascal, the French mathematician, sometime around 1650. It was

played at Monaco for the first time in 1858. You know, of course, that the gambling casino at Monaco has made that principality's fortune?"

Amos gulped when she leaned forward to watch the ball settle in a white 4. A panel of her gown fell aside, revealing an entire breast to his goggling eyes, even to the large brown nipple. It was pale and white, heavy, with skin that looked as smooth as cream. His palm itched suddenly, to hold that weight.

Ruth Kahler said, "While the ball is bouncing around in the gallery of the wheel, bets can still be made. Bets are made on single hazards, such as on red or black, a single number, or on *manque* or *passe*. *Manque* includes numbers from one to eighteen, *passe* includes numbers nineteen to thirty-six."

She went on talking, crossing her stockinged legs, exposing her full thigh in the dark nylon as well as a few inches of white thighflesh above her garterclasps. Amos was so excited by his nearness to her, the intimate glimpses he was being given of her body, that he could hardly hear anything she was saying.

Her eyes flirted with him as she said, "Now we shall play the game, you and I. And since roulette, like poker or craps or *chemin de fer*, is absolutely tasteless without betting—we shall bet."

"I have no money," he murmured, downcast.

Her laughter was sensual. "You have clothes on. In the United States they have a game called strip poker. We shall play strip roulette." She touched her black satin gown. "I will wager my gown against your shirt."

He lost his shirt to the ball in the red twelve. He lost his trousers, his socks, his shoes. Soon all he had on were his shorts. His tutoress had not lost a single garment.

"The bet?" she asked softly, eyes running over his youthful, hairless chest. "Your undershorts against my dress?"

He nodded, biting his lip. He was wildly excited by being so close to nakedness in front of this woman. He did not

* know what he would do if he lost. He could not remove the shorts before her wise eyes, she would see his virgin manhood, and he felt he would die if this happened.

She spun the wheel. As it had at other times, her left thigh tensed under the black satin, almost hidden by the right thigh that was crossed over it. Amos was too busy noticing the soft heaviness of her right thigh where it was bared by her back-drawn skirt above her stockingtop to notice that sudden tension.

He lost. Ruth Kahler leaned back and murmured, "All right, Amos. Give me my winnings. Stand up."

He stood up and shoved his shorts down. The woman gasped when she saw the extent of his manhood. She leaned forward, breathing, "It is as the '*amud ish*—the pillar of fire! And so large for one so young—you are *bene vasatus*, as the Latin writers say."

Her soft palm and quivering fingers caressed him. He groaned with desire, he shook steadily to the beat of the hot blood in his veins. She went on teasing his flesh until a rage began to beat in his veins.

This woman always taunted and mocked him, exciting him to hysteria, and then leaving him, even as now she was withdrawing her hand. He had never been this excited, there was a thundering in his ears and a red haze floated before his eyes.

Amos hurled himself on her. To his surprise, even as his hands drove into her loose bodice to catch and caress her soft, mature breasts and while he was driving himself between her pale white thighs, he felt her hand clutch and guide him.

She lay with eyes closed, thighs open. She led him with her hand, she accepted him with her womanhood. She moaned as he sank deep within her flesh, as his hips went wild.

The attraction of mature women toward young men is older even than the abortive affair between the youthful Joseph and the wife of Potiphar. Was she attracted to Jo-

seph because of her maternal yearnings, as so many of these older women are? Was he, in her eyes, the son she never had? Or was she, like her sisters in lust through the ages, merely aware that her youthful good looks were disappearing before the onset of the years, and wanted one last fling before her attractiveness faded?

This female pedophilia may result from a feeling of inferiority in the woman. She is afraid of her very femininity, especially with men her own age or older, so she has resort to youthful lovers who may not be as severe in their judgments of her conduct as her contemporaries.

Many women choose young men as lovers because their love habits are not yet formed in a mould. They are more willing to experiment, to do the things the older woman wants done to her. As a result, the mature female usually gains more satisfaction from her youthful admirers than from men her own age.

Amos Warhaftig would never forget this moment, with the feel of the black satin evening gown against his flesh, the hardening breasts in his hands, the clasp of female flesh about his manhood. He lived in an ecstatic instant that went on and on, his excitement pyramiding upward until he existed only in the nerve-ends that drove unbearable pleasure throughout his body.

They rolled off the chair where she lay sprawled, they hit the legs of the roulette table and sent wheel and table crashing to the floor. They thrust together in the traditional *lawweh* posture, with his arms and legs wrapped about the woman, her hips jabbing upward.

Until at last the pyramid of pleasure exploded and with her scream ringing in his ears, young Amos came near fainting with delight. He lay on her softness without stirring, aware that her bare arms clasped him, that her thighs had not relaxed their grip.

He found himself staring at wires along the carpet and the underside of the roulette wheel, where a tangle of wires

and little magnets were clustered. He stared dumbly for a moment, not quite certain of what he was seeing.

Gurgling laughter interrupted him. Ruth Kahler whispered into his ear, "You've discovered my secret, you naughty boy."

He still did not understand, but obeyed the hands that pushed him up and away. Her gleeful black eyes studied his nakedness as he towered above her. She lay with her black satin gown skirt draped about her middle, fancy black and red garterbelt and long black nylons enhancing the abandon of her pose.

"I'd just about given up on you, Amos. I had to do something to let you know you were a man, even if a young one." Her mouth smiled ripely at his expression. "I rigged the roulette wheel, honey. I made sure you'd be the one to strip. Do you forgive me?"

He gulped and nodded, saying, "Sure, Mrs. Kahler. Of course I do. But I still don't get it. How could you rig the wheel that way?"

She pushed down her skirts, held up a hand so he could yank her to her feet. Then she stepped across the carpet to bend down before the underside of the roulette wheel.

"Here, look at these wires. They feed electrical impulses into these little boxes you see set in rows beneath the wheel. Each box has a magnet in it. This trick won't work with an ivory ball, which is what most gambling casinos use—but it's perfect for a metal ball."

She laughed softly at his open mouth and wide eyes. "Oh, yes. By controlling the magnets I can control the fall of the ball. My dead husband built this when he was called as an expert mathematician in a murder case some years ago. He was to demonstrate how a roulette wheel that cost the accused man over a million dollars could have been rigged."

She put her hands on his chest, ran them up to his shoulders. "Amos? Do you mind so much that a woman used this method to make you take her?"

He wrapped his arms about her for answers, he strained

his naked body against her fully clothed flesh. His mouth discovered that her lips were soft, moist, and easily parted. He played at tongues within her mouth. He grew excited again.

He understood there was no hurry, he bent to kiss her soft throat, slid his lips down to the wide vee of her gown. As the breath hissed in her throat, his mouth slipped to the vale between her heavy breasts and up onto their slopes. He spent a long time with her breasts, which he bared by pulling down her shoulder straps until she was naked to her middle. He was like a hungry babe, nursing at her thick brown nipples.

Somehow, they were on the divan and his hand was under her skirt, raising it, as his palm discovered the smoothness of her inner thighs and the damp erotica between them. She lay back, she pushed him to the floor until he knelt, kissing her flesh worshipfully, listening to her sigh and moan and cry out thickly, every so often. He was fulfilling all the night dreams, all the moments when he saw her in undress or when she touched him or kissed him and left the imprint of a breast against his chest. He was etching an indelible line onto the patterns of his memory banks.

The dawn light was tinting the windows of my bedroom a whitish pink when Amos Warhaftig finished his story. We had made love half a dozen times in the night.

He lay now with hands behind his neck, staring up at the ceiling. His thigh was warm against me where I lay curled against him. His profile was sharp against the farther wall, and there was black stubble on his jaw.

"Are you sorry?" I wondered.

His face turned toward me on the pillow, honest surprise on his face. "Sorry? About what happened? I've never been as happy, as pleased, except that first night with Ruth Kahler."

"I mean about her. Have you ever regretted it?"

"Certainly not. She taught me the most important thing

in life is how to enjoy a woman. Aside from fighting for your country, that is. And your honor. Why should I feel sorry?"

"I don't know. Sometimes a man wants to be the aggressor."

His laughter was deep and throaty. "Only if the man knows what to do. Lord knows I might not have been brave enough to seduce a woman ever, if it hadn't been for Ruth Kahler. She gave me confidence. I think every young man should have an older woman to teach him what his body is for. I've heard too many of them complain that they never did learn, and as a result, never really felt secure about sex."

"Funny, isn't it—that there isn't a school to teach sex? There's a school to teach everything else."

"Maybe because sex comes so naturally," I responded.

"Naturally, maybe—but good? That's something else again."

Maybe he had something there.

Captain Wahaftig dressed and left my room quietly, after telling me that he would return a little past noon with the slave dealer. I would be inspected, then I would be notified if I passed muster. There was a faint smile on his lips and in his eyes as he said this.

He was back at exactly 12:25. A smartly groomed Frenchwoman entered with him, lean and chic in a knitted wool dress that clung to tiny breast and almost curveless hips. Her hair was black, streaked in grey, and her face was classic in its patrician style.

Her eyes flickered at sight of me in lounging pyjamas of striped blue and white jersey that clung as faithfully to my skin as her blue wool did to hers. They outlined my oversized breasts and showed the erectile nipples, they hinted at my navel, they caressed my hips and buttocks. I stood there hipshot, gawking in my surprise, while the woman entered swiftly, went around behind me, and then came to stand between me and Captain Warhaftig.

"She will do?" he asked, his voice trembling with laughter.

The woman nodded. "Oh my, yes. Very much so. If all I see really belongs to her." It seemed to me that she gave a little hunch to her shoulders as she spoke.

Amos said, "I will go down to the lounge to smoke a cigar. Page me when you need me." As he was opening the door, he paused and added, "Eve, forgive me. This is Madame Margot Seural. Madame Seural, Miss Drum."

The door closed behind him. Mme. Seural made a little motion with her soft white hands. "All right, let me see *les lolos*."

I put my hands to the pearl buttons of my jersey pyjamas and undid them slowly. I watched the hard black eyes of Mme. Seural grow excited as button after button came free of its braided hole.

I caught the flaps and widened them until my *lolos* were bare. The woman gasped and her red tonguetip emerged to flick about her thin lips. She whispered, "Ah, *elles sont magnifique!* Just gorgeous!" She came three steps closer, placed the three middle fingers of each hand under my breasts and hefted them, then let them bounce. They did not bounce much, they gave a little jump and quiver and then stood firmly.

"Unbelievable," she whispered. "There is no sag, despite their size. It is as if they were equipped with springs."

Her forefinger tips touched my erect nipples, rolling them. My breast buds rose up eagerly and Mme Seural gurgled happily. Then her soft palms closed on my breasts and began to fondle them slowly. Her black eyes bored into mine, sensual and challenging.

"You like pleasure, hein? You enjoy this *tripoter*?"

Those hands were getting to me. Her long red nails scratched lightly at the nipples, the fingertips stroked the full underside of the breasts. She took the rigid brown nipples between her forefingers and thumbs and pinched them.

When I moaned and my hips jerked, she was delighted. "*Oui! Oui!* You are what we French call *avoir velleites*. Easily aroused. A hot-box. This is excellent. With your good looks and your figure and the fact that you enjoy this play of hands, shows you will be perfect for the Sheik Habib ibn Masrak."

"Wha—what's he like, this sheik?"

Her head bent, she kissed my breasts gently. Her face was flushed when she straightened up. "Habid? A man. Big, strong, handsome in a craggy sort of way. You'll like him." Her hands touched the elasticized top of my clingpants, and began pushing it down my hips.

"He has a great thing for women. He is absolutely insatiable. *Mon Dieu!* A different woman every night. It's unbelievable. He has a trick gadget that—but never mind the sheik."

Her hands had pushed the clingpants to my hairline. I must have made a pretty wanton sight like that, with my belly showing soft and white above the elastic strip.

"Go like that about the room," she murmured.

I went like that, taking little steps that made my buttock-flesh shake. In the mirror I watched Mme Seural as she stared and licked her lips. I knew she wanted me, I knew she was going to have me in her own good time. Which was all right with me. I can go AC or DC when the mood serves, or when duty to Uncle Sam demands it. And I had the feeling my patriotic duty was going to demand it. I wanted to make a friend of Margot Seural.

I slipped back into my striped jersey. There was an electricity between us, she was like a man in her hunger for female flesh. I kept glancing at her from the corners of my eyes, wondering where and when.

Mme. Seural lifted the phone, called down to have Captain Warhaftig paged. As she set it back on its cradle, she said, "You will pack one valise. No more. Where you are going, clothes will be furnished."

While Amos and Mme. Seural shared a cocktail, I

packed my large valise, crowding in as much of my new wardrobe as the bag would hold. Mme. Seural might not think so many dresses necessary, but I was female enough not to want to waste these bits of mod fashion.

Inside the hour, we were being swept toward the Lydda Airport, about ten miles almost due east of Tel Aviv.

To the unknowing eye, we looked like a couple of tourist ladies, since both of us were dressed to the teeth in the height of fashion. Nobody in his right mind would believe I was a white slave on her way to meet a new master. As we took our seats in the big jet liner—we traveled first class—a stewardess took our order for cocktails.

We chatted gaily about world affairs, we sipped our martinis on the rocks, we enjoyed the moment for what it was, a period of calm before the coming storm. I tried not to think about what might happen to me, once I was sold to the sheik. I had no surefire way of stopping him from bombing the black stone of Mecca. All I had going for me was my body—and my wits.

From the airport, Mme. Seural took me by taxi to her establishment, a three storeyed building the balcony of which looked out over the local salve market. Here I was to be housed and readied for display to the Sheik Habid.

"Sheik Habid ibn Marsak is a real fusspot," Mme. Seural told me, stirring off her gloves in the Arabic hallway of her palatial home. "His women must be milky white of skin and soft. Not necessarily fat, just soft."

Her eyes touched my body as she shook her head. "You are not that soft, but we may be able to do something about that, with a little skin cream. For the next few days, you will be a victim of my beauty treatments." She laughed at my expression. "It is not bad, you will be petted and pounded and fed chocolate milk shakes."

"Ugh," I said, wrinkling up my nose at the thought of the pounds those milk shakes would put on, and the difficulty I would have in taking them off again.

I was marched upstairs by a dark-skinned maid in harem

trousers and a tissue-thin bolero-type garment called a *sedria*. She was very pretty, her legs were slimly curved and her hips made a steady jog-jog to her stride. I wondered if she shared the tribadic embrace with her mistress.

I was given a room into which the late afternoon sunlight filtered in a golden haze. There was a low bed, without headboard or footboard, piled high with cushions, a low table with a lamp, a few pegs jutting from a white-washed wall, and a reasonably elaborate bath I could see through a partially opened door.

The Moorish girl said, "I am Zofia. I am to be your personal maid while you are with us. If there is anything you need or want, just tell me."

"I can't think of a thing, honey," I told her.

She moved out the arched door but was back in five minutes with a big glass full of chocolate milk shake. She disappeared again, and next thing I knew she was beckoning me into the attached bathroom where a sunken tub was filled with milk.

"You bathe," she murmured. "Milk softens skin."

I felt a little delirious. It isn't every girl who gets to bathe her pelt in goat's milk. I relaxed and let the milk soak into my pores. But milk alone would not make me soft. When I stepped out of the bathtub and reached for a fluffy towel, Zofia was there with a jar of skin cream.

She giggled at sight of my wet nakedness stepping from the tub, and her luminous brown eyes grew big and round. "No need the towel," she smiled, lifting the jar. "I rub you with this. Come into bedroom."

I lay down naked on the Drum belly, while Zofia seated herself, one leg doubled under her, and filed the brown fingers of her right hand with cream. She began rubbing it along my back with a firm, expert touch. I closed my eyes and let those slithery, soothing fingers work magic with my nerves.

Zofia knew her business. She completely covered my back with the white goo, spending time with my buttocks,

which she did carefully, telling me that Arab men liked a female *ist*.

"The women enjoy *istaneh* too," she informed me. "There is no worry about getting a baby, that way."

"What's this *ist* and *istaneh*?" I asked.

Her greasy forefinger showed me, wriggling around in my back entrance. I said, "Oh, no, honey. I'm regular." Her soft laughter told me it would make no difference whether I was regular or irregular, once Habid ibn Marsak got his paws on me.

Her hands went on spreading goo on my behind cheeks. From time to time they slid downward to my inner thighs, and to the soft flesh of my privacy. The touch of her knowing fingers was reaching me where I lived; I could not contain an involuntary shiver of my hips.

There was a little pause as the fingers went away. I lay there with my eyes closed, my body quivering, my breasts as hard as marble. "Don't stop," I found myself whispering.

The fingers came back, with soft palms, rubbing my cream-soaked back, sliding to my buttocks and around them, in between my thighs, to the portals of my sex. I had my mouth open, the better to breathe as the fingers began to slip back and forth between my lower lips.

"You'd b-better stop, honey," I panted.

A breath of laughter answered me. The fingers did not go away, they spread my thighs wider, they sought for the rigid heat of my *umm tertur*. I jerked and lifted my body to my knees.

My eyes opened. I was looking at a smiling Zofia through the open door of the bathroom, as she was gathering up the few bits of underwear I had dropped before getting into the tub. If Zofia was in the bathroom, who was playing with my privacies?

I turned my head, saw Mme. Seural sitting there in place of the maid, wearing a skirt and a severely tailored shirt-waist. Her forearms were bare, her fingers slimed with skin

cream. Her mouth was a little open, and her eyes stared hypnotically at what I was revealing. Her hands went on smearing cream all over my flesh.

There are some men and women who enjoy this act of inunctionism. The boy who smears sun tan oil on his girl friend, the woman who coats a man with bath powder, are unwitting ununctionists. The massage parlors, the Japanese *Toroko onsens*, in which nearly nude girls stroke and anoint and massage a male client, are widely known forms of this mild deviant.

The way Margot Seural was inuncting me at the moment was far from mild. Her slithery fingers were in my crotch, working easily and smoothly. I was a Stradivarious being tuned by a master violinist, I was a gun being loaded, I was the meal being cooked, the stew being stirred.

I heard myself whimpering. I was trying to push myself further and further into the knowing hands of this woman. Then to my amazement, a hand slapped one of my buttocks.

Zofia seated herself on the other side of me. She had a warm facecloth wet with sudsy water. She washed my back, my buttocks and my thighs very thoroughly. "You will be whipped cream when the Sheik Habid comes to test you," I heard her murmur.

They turned me on my back. I was a dumb animal needing petting. I saw Margot Seural fill her hands with skin cream, saw those hands come for my hard breasts, for my belly. Zofia smiled and worked on my thighs with her cream-slick palms. I quivered like a leaf in a zephyr. I cried out, I moaned.

When they were done, they washed me down together.

Normally, I am the aggressor when it comes to sex. I have educated myself in the modes and manners of world-wide erotica. I am an adept at the Hindu *kama shastra*, at the Arabic *nayk*, at the French *faire pan pan*. But this night I let myself be the pupil. I had a feeling I would be rewarded.

Zofia knelt by the side of the bed, directly behind her mistress. Her brown hands went to the buttons of her

shirtwaist, began to undo it. In a moment, the small hard breasts were bare. Topless temptation in a pleated skirt. Madame Seural straightened up, hunched her shoulders, and slid out of the shirtwaist. Her smallish breasts were the size of teacups, her nipples were a bright scarlet.

Zofia began to rub her breasts against Mme. Seural's bare back, at the same time thrusting her hands over the older woman's breasts. The Moorish girl smiled at me above Mme. Seural's head. As if at a silent whisper, the older woman rose to stand above me on the bed. Zofia worked her fingers at the zipper tab of her elegant skirt, and let the garment slide to her alligator pumps. In tight nylons and a pink girdle, Mme. Seural stood staring down at me.

Zofia crawled to the edge of the bed and stood up. With a wriggle of her hips and thrust of her arms, she denuded herself of the transparent *silwar* trousers and her tiny vest. Naked, she got back on the bed and slid behind me, turning me on my side. Her face was almost touching my buttocks.

Mme. Seural smiled down at us.

"You're a westerner, Miss Drum," she said softly "Here in the Near East, we have no shame, we women. We are vessels of pleasure to serve our male masters. We are meat for the sexual banquet. No more. And so, in our little way, we have rebelled.

"We turn to one another for the satisfaction which the males deny us. We have perfected this art of *sihhaq* and *el qutayti*, until our fame or notoriety is famous the world over, where sexology is studied. Westerners consider us to be very corrupt. Be that as it may, it is something that we know and enjoy.

"And so—

"It will be a pleasure to corrupt you," she concluded.

She slithered down in front of me, kissing my boskage of Venus with her soft lips. Her stockinged legs touched my face, then as she settled herself, my own lips touched her soft thighs above the nylons, and then her own *ficatelle* flirted with my eyes.

Zofia was kissing my buttocks. Mme. Seural was perform-

ing the *faire pinceau* with her tonguetip until I wanted to scream. As if she sensed my opening mouth and the cry rising into it, her soft thighs parted and closed about my head.

My corruption began.

Chapter **EIGHT**

I wore a long white abba that hid me from the top of my blonde head to the toes of my feet which were encased in the traditional babouches of golden brocadework that curled upward at the toes. I walked a foot behind Mme. Seural toward a small throne and a man in a western business suit, shirt and tie who sat there, staring at me.

We were in the Arabic town of Riyadh, deep in the desert lands of Saudi Arabia. King Saud has a palace in Riyadh, so does the Sheik Habib ibn Masrak. I was in the throne room of the latter, about to be delivered over to him like the traditional lamb for sacrifice. I had been thoroughly instructed as to the role I was to play. I found I was eager and ready for whatever was about to happen.

I salaamed, kneeling and bending my forehead to the tile-work before the little throne of this Arab prince. Above my covered head I could detect the surprise in his voice as he spoke to Mme. Seural.

"I thought she was an American," he complained.

"She is, effendi. She has been well trained. I could not offer you one who did not know the niceties of Arab life."

A thick, oily chuckle was her answer. The Sheik Habib was not at all bad-looking, to judge by the quick look I had of him, walking across his throne room. In his late thirties, an avid athlete like King Hussein of Jordan, he believed in keeping his body in muscular fitness. He rode horseback every day, he fenced for hours at a time, he exercised on the horizontal bars and the gym horse.

He was graceful as a tiger as he rose from his throne and told me to stand. He came close, his dark eyes lustful. "I can see nothing of her beauty," he complained, but both Mme. Seural and I understood he was not complaining, he was tantalizing himself for that moment when he would remove the white abba that was my only covering.

His dark brown hand slid inside a slit in the garment. His palm was rough, and callused on my belly. He stroked my haunches, lifted his hands to my breasts. The air whistled through his nostrils.

"She is smooth as the muzzle of my favorite mare," he breathed. An Arab and his horse are pretty close, I understand, so I took his words as a compliment. His full, fleshy lips smiled at my wondering eyes. "Now all I need to know is her nakedness."

Mme. Seural clapped her hands. I slithered out of the enshrouding abba and stood naked above my golden babouches. I took a few steps, then walked back toward the sheik.

He was nodding in delight.

"She shall be placed upon my little toy this very evening," he told Mme. Seural. It was as if I did not exist, or as if I were some pet dog being complimented.

The sheik clapped. Two harem women came trotting into view. One of them picked up the abba and put it about my shoulders. The other gestured me to follow her. I glanced at Mme. Seural, who nodded.

As I paced beside the haremlike slaves, I heard Mme. Seural murmur, "Now as to her price, your highness. She is a rare beauty, she is an American, she will rest in your harem like a jewel on your finger."

"Just name the price," said Habid ibn Marsak.

The first face I saw in the harem compound was a familiar one. Titsa Macropolis came running toward me, crying out happily. The other girls—and there were plenty of them, the Sheik Habid being what he was—stared as her arms went around me, to hug me like a long-lost sister.

After we had hugged and kissed, Titsa wanted to know what in the world I was doing there. When she and the other girls had seen me carted off by the Sheik Bayazid ibn Khalek, she had given me up for dead.

"It's a long story, sweetie," I told her. "Just don't say anything about what hapepned in Beirut, and you'll be doing me a favor. Okay? Good. Now clue me in on what goes on in this Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer municipality."

The girls were treated just fine, except for the ones who got picked to share the sheik's bed pillows, after riding on his playtime merry-go-round. Once they had been had, the girls simply disappeared. Nobody ever saw them again. The seraglio scuttlebutt had it that their throats were cut and they were dumped out in the desert to feed the jackals.

I blinked a little at this information. "Isn't he a little hard on the girls? I don't mean to make a funny -I'm just asking."

Titsa giggled. "Oh, it isn't every girl that gets to ride this merry-go-round. It's just every once in a while a girl shows up that appeals to the beast in him, I guess. He calls girls in from time to time, and those girls go on living. Like me."

"What's with this merry-go-round jazz?"

Titsa crooked her finger at me, so I followed her to a huge stonework grille that looked out over a courtyard and a big round platform that was as large as the platform of a country fair carousel. Instead of painted horses, it contained eight painted chairs of varying shapes and sizes.

"Girls sit on those chairs. The cherry-go-round—that's what we call it in the harem, because as far as the sheik's concerned, each girl on it is cherry—goes spinning. When it stops, a pointer touches the edge of the carousel. The girl the pointer aims at is his honey for a week. Or maybe even a month. Sometimes—I guess if the girl doesn't please him -it's just for a night. Then she disappears."

Titsa sighed. "I rode that thing the first night I came here. I was scared to death. Luckily for me, the arrow pointed at a girl from Russia. I haven't seen her since."

I gulped. "Do you think Habid will put me on his cherry-go-round?"

"Oh, honey—I hope not."

I could see tears in her eyes. I asked. "When's the next performance?"

"Tomorrow night," Titsa whispered.

I had the sinking feeling that I would be the girl the pointer aimed at. And I just wasn't ready to bed down with Habid ibn Marsak. Not for the next few nights, at any rate. The attack on the black stone of Mecca was set for one week from yesterday. I wanted Habid baby to stay alive that long.

If I got picked on the cherry-go-round, I intended to kill him. But I wanted to wait long enough so that Interpol, backed up by the Arab authorities, could step in at the bombing and arrest the A.L.L.A.H. agents responsible for it.

This was my job. And I am a stickler for duty, at times.

I was going to stay alive—and off the sheik's hump hassocks—for as long as possible. It was easy to say, but damned hard to do. I would have to think about this hassle I was in. Real hard, too.

I stared down at the merry-go-round for several moments. There was a glimmer of an idea in the back of my head, but I couldn't bring it out into view. I pounded my fist against part of the stone grillework. That carousel reminded me of something.

Titsa pulled me by the elbow. "Come along, we must not stay here too long. You never want to attract attention in a harem. If you get yourself noticed, you may get yourself dead. Habid has a jealous wife."

"Jealous *wife*?"

"Well, sure. He's got about two dozen kids, some by her, some by a second and a third wife, some by his harem favorites. But his chief wife is the real ruler of the harem. She doesn't mind his bedding down other girls—but she would object to his taking a fourth wife, and she's always got her claws out for girls who make themselves noticed."

"I see. So what do we do then?"

"We go hide in a corner—and play chess."

Chess is a game that has been played by harem girls for centuries. They pose no threat to the Fischers and Petrovians of our world, they just know the moves and make them as fast as they can. They giggle a lot and play about five games an hour. It is a silly occupation, the way they play it, but it fills their days, I guess.

Titsa told me that Sukaynah, the chief wife, was a very good chess player. She even defeated the men who played against her. Me, I know one gambit at chess. I just hoped I never had to play her.

They fed us lamb kebab with sweetmeats and powdered halvah. Titsa made a face at the halvah. She loved it, she explained, but she did not want to get fat, and powdered halvah is very fattening.

After our meal, she brought out a backgammon board. After two games, I was bored. So she lifted a pair of ivory dice from her trouser sashband.

The dice made me frown. Something about dice—and that damned cherry-go-round! A connection, yes. But what was it?

"Want to bet a sandal?" Titsa giggled, throwing a seven.

Strip craps! Dice, gambling, roulette. Of course! I remembered the way Ruth Kahler had hocussed the roulette wheel to entice Amos Warhaftig to strip for her. Maybe I would steal a page from her book.

"Titsa, couldn't you take me on an exploration trip? You know, show me the harem grounds and all that?"

"I suppose so. I'll go ask Yazid."

Yazid was the chief eunuch, the boy in charge of the harem harlots. He was a big, gross man, he must have weighed three hundred and fifty pounds. Most of it was blubber. His little pig eyes scowled down at Titsa as she made her request, and he was getting ready to shake his head in a negative when I undid the little napkin in which I'd hidden our shares of powdered sweets.

I tiptoed across to him and held out the halvah. His eyes

gleamed greedily. "Please? Just so we can get a little exercise? Here, you can have this—and our share for as long as we're in the seraglio.

He reached out hungrily and nodded at Titsa.

The Greek girl was like a child with a new toy. She made her way through one of the horseshoe-arch doorways and along a corridor, the walls of which were tiled in blue and white to represent scenes from Paradise. Erotic ones, I mean. They showed the True Believers getting treated to all kinds of sex delights by the houris of Allah.

We came to a fountain in the wall out of which clear water flowed. We each took a sip. Then we tiptoed down a stair to a cool, dark cellarway where wine jars were stored. I put my stare here and there around an otherwise empty room. I felt a burst of disappointment. What I wanted to find was down here. It had to be, or I was a dead duck. We spent fifteen minutes ransacking the cellar passageways; Titsa out of childish curiosity, me, because I was looking for something.

I found what I was looking for was a locked door. Titsa glanced at it, shrugging. "It leads into the cellar below the courtyard."

Excitement tingled in my toes. "Under the cherry-go-round?"

She looked thoughtful, and nodded again.

"I want in," I told her.

Titsa looked dubious. "I don't think Yazid would want us to go in there," she protested.

"Then don't tell him," I smiled.

Titsa was wearing a pearl pin on her harem bolero. I reached for it, and used the metal point to probe around inside the lock of the closed door. My father is a locksmith by trade, and he had taught his only child well. In less than two minutes, the door swung inward. I grabbed Titsa and yanked her inside with me, into faint darkness.

We stood under the mechanism that drove the cherry-go-round. It was a simple thing, there was a gasoline motor that furnished the power and a series of metal shafts and

wheels. I'm no engineer, but even I could see how the silly thing worked. The motor, once started, turned the metal driving wheel, by a series of belts attached to the cam shaft below the carousel.

There were boxes beneath the metal wheel, eight of them. They reminded me of the magnets Ruth Kahler had used to trick Amos Warhaftig. Ruth Kahler had controlled the roulette ball by electricity fed into the magnets. I had the feeling Habib ibn Masrak did much the same thing.

I climbed on the gasoline motor and swung upward so that I was clinging to a strut below the eight magnets. Their casings came off easily enough. I studied the wiring systems.

A few changes here and there ought to work wonders. I looked down into Titsa's worried face. "Does a girl sit on each of the eight chairs? In other words, does Habib make his selection from eight girls each time?"

"Only seven. The number eight chair is always empty."

The number eight chair it would be.

I began rearranging wires.

Before I was done, Titsa was almost weeping, "Hurry, hurry! Yazid will flog us if we are not on our cushions by lamplighting time."

"Okay, okay—I'm coming," I called down.

I closed the door and locked it behind us.

We made it to our sleeping cushions with not ten seconds to spare. As I sank into my pillows, I saw the flicker of light that showed where the lamplighter was setting ablaze the oil lamps. Titsa was still shivering.

And Titsa was still shivering the following night when the *haremlık* attendants came to dress me for the Carousel Choice ceremony. They put some harem trousers on my nipples. Fashion design for bored sheiks, I guess. Oh, yeah. They did my hair in an upsweep with tiny silver bells on pins set here and there in my golden hair.

I must admit I made a sweet sight walking down the *haremlık* corridor to take my place on the cherry-go-round in the middle courtyard. I could hear Titsa softly weeping behind me.

Down the stairs, through a bolted door into a courtyard tiled in blue and white designs that were something more than merely amorous. I goggled at a couple of them, not quite stumbling as I walked. Then I mounted a two-tread ladder and sank down on one of eight thrones fastened to the revolving dais.

There were three other girls beside myself, all of them with long, flowing black hair. One was the daughter of an enemy of the Sheik Habib, a slim girl who kept sobbing and sobbing, another was a plump, dusky Egyptian (I thought Habib ibn Masrak and Abdul Nasser were friends, but maybe not), and a Berber wench with outsized hips.

The Sheik Habib and his number one wife, Sukaynah, came to take their places on thrones much like our own, only a lot gaudier, at the far end of the courtyard. At a signal from the sheik, we all stood up and posed. I posed as lewdly as the others. I figured I had nothing to worry about.

Even Sukaynah sat up straighter at sight of me, and her dark eyes got a queer gleam in them. I gave her a big smile, and to my surprise, she smiled back. The sheik was too busy looking at the rest of me to notice my lips.

Then we all sat down and the fun began.

Habib pressed a button on the control arm beside his throne. The cherry-go-round began rotating slowly. Habib ibn Masrak licked his lips. He leaned forward and lusted at me with his eyes.

He teased himself for a while, then touched the stop button. The cherry-go-round stopped. The pointer rested before an empty throne.

Voices cried out, and a hum of surprise ran through the watching, waiting women behind the stonework grille of the harem. Habib got to his feet and began cursing in Arabic, much too fast for me to follow. His wife sat relaxed on her throne, that queer smile back on her mouth.

The rules of the game required that Sheik Habib turn around and go back to his carnal cushions without any of his cherry-go-round darlings. He stood there shaking, as if

torn between having another go at it, and obeying the rules. It was then that Sukaynah spoke to him, a little sharply.

I did not understand her, but her husband did. He looked a little shamefaced, nodded, growled something, and turned away with a wave of his hand. Wait 'til next year, that hand-wave seemed to say. Only next year, in his lingo, meant tomorrow night.

We girl slaves were led away, back to the harem.

I was just about to curl up and go sleepy-bye when Sukaynah herself came into the slave quarters. She came directly to me, and stood a moment, studying my painted nipples and the golden forest just below the waistline of the silwar I had on.

"Come with me," she murmured, and turned her back.

I followed her back across the haremlik tiles, out into the corridor. We went into her rooms, that were big and spacious. They were also empty, except for us and a big giant of a black man who had a curving scimitar in a scabbard at his side and an M 10 Browning automatic rifle in his hands.

"Bulbul is very faithful to me," Sukaynah said, putting a hand on my bare back and running its soft palm down to my buttock crease. Her hand was hot, and filled with a kind of sexual electricity. I shivered a little.

"You are very pretty, girl."

"Thank you, your highness."

"You're also very smart." She smiled when I stared dumbly at her. "Oh, yes. That carousel my husband likes to play with is electronically controlled. He can make it stop anywhere he wants. Unless someone tampers with it, of course."

Her hand fell from my hip. She came around in front of me, and let her fingertips slide all around my breasts. My breasts did what she wanted them to do, they swelled up and got hard and my tinted nipples jumped out at her. Sukaynah cooed.

"Who are you, darling?" she breathed.

"Eve Drum, your highness."

"Yes, yes—I know that. But *who* are you?"

"Just a poor American working girl, ma'am. A victim of the lusts and cruelty of a hard world."

She laughed delightedly. I started to like Sukaynah.

"You did something to the merry-go-round machinery. I'm glad. It does Habib good to be taken down a peg. He grows too powerful, since A.L.L.A.H. picked him as its messenger."

Her black eyes were very bright, studying me. So she wanted to play games. I said innocently, "You mean, Allah picked him as *his* messenger. Not its messenger, your highness."

"Of course I do, you sweet thing. Come, help me undress. I find I am in an extremely affectionate mood this evening. And I owe it all to you."

I went around behind her and undid the fastenings of her brocade bolero. Most Arab women of the emir and sheik class have wardrobes of western clothes that might make even Princess Radziwil envious. Sukaynah chose to adopt her native garb for such evening entertainments as watching the cherry-go-round go 'round.

As the bolero slid down her arms, I could see her big breasts jut out, full and hard. She was wanting, this *kadin*. So I decided, what the hell! I might as well give the number one wife a little thrill.

My hands went up as the bolero came down. My palms settled beneath the heavy underswell of her dusky breasts, very gently. She shivered. I lifted the big mounds and squeezed them tenderly. I caught her rubbery brown nipples between my forefingers and thumbs, and squeezed.

Sukaynah squirmed and moaned. I felt her soft buttocks brushing across my groin. I let my fingernails scratch her smooth skin lightly as my hands dropped to the belt of her silwar trousers.

"Habib will have his mechanics working on the carousel tomorrow," she breathed.

"What time do they go off work?" I wondered, bending to kiss a smooth shoulder.

The *kadin* shuddered. "At four tomorrow. Your time."

"The mechanism could be reset," I whispered, kneeling, pushing down the transparent harem pants to just below her buttocks.

She had a great shape, this gal. Her dusky behind was big and soft, without being anything more than voluptuous. Her waist curved inward in the traditional hourglass fashion, and her bare back was like brown cream. It looked as if it would taste good.

I tasted it with a few swipes of my wet tongue, while Sukaynah tottered. My fingers on her soft hipflesh kept her upright, even when I sank my tongue lower, to her buttocks. I kissed her, I bit her buttocks gently.

Sukaynah panted, "If tha-that happened, Habib m-might blame the me-mechanics."

"I'm sure he would," I whispered back, running my hands up her handsome legs and across to the perfectly smooth mount which the French name *moniche*.

I patted her right leg. She lifted it and I slipped the perfumed silwar out from under her foot. The left leg followed. Sukaynah, except for the golden brocade slippers on her feet and her jewelry, was stark naked.

As if ignoring me, she walked to a huge round mattress that lay upon the floor and was heaped with satin pillows and cushions. She let her legs go limp and flung herself backward. She lay stretched out, staring at the ceiling. Her breasts and her belly moved lazily to her breathing.

"They would blame you, if anything happened," she murmured.

"Not if I were with you all the time."

I came closer, and knelt between her widespread feet. Her zirab was very moist, partially open. I remembered Mme. Seural and Zofia, and let my fingernails glide over her ankles and up her inner legs to her knees. Her knees opened even more.

"This would implicate me, my *kalfa*, my pretty little slavegirl. And I do not wish to be blamed for something so ridiculous."

I kissed an inner thigh. Sukaynah whimpered. Against her smooth thighflesh I breathed, "Then let Habib have me—and kill me. It amounts to that."

"I do not think he would kill you," she panted, as my kisses roved upward. "He would let you live, I am sure."

"Are you trying to tell me something, honey?"

My mouth was kissing across an upper thigh. It was smooth, dusky and heavily perfumed. I paused with my lips an inch away from her groin, so she could feel my hot breath as I talked.

"Don't tell me you're afraid Habib will make me his wife!" I muttered. I had an almost microscopic view of her smoothly shaven *motte*. I could see the angry red tip of her protruding *umm tertur*.

"You would be his favorite," she whimpered.

It was out, now. This was what was eating in Sukaynah. She was the number one wife, she had a lot to lose if Habib took himself another *kadin*, especially a *kadin* who might be a real danger to her rank among the women.

"You could be rid of me, you know Without any danger to yourself." I felt her hand touch my head, urging me closer. I kissed her and felt her hips heave in response as a cry burst from her lips.

"How?" she wailed. "How? How?"

I told her. She listened, trying to forget the breath fanning her *moniche*. When I was done, she moaned in mingled fear and yearning.

"If anything goes wrong, I won't betray you," I assured her. "I'll say I drugged you, that you knew nothing of what I did."

An idea came to her. She drew away from me slowly, eyes glistening. "I will play chess with you. One game. If you win, I will do as you say and you will go away from Riyadh. But if I win, you shall go to Habib and afterward, you will kill yourself if he does not have you killed."

"Look, Sukaynah —I'm no chess player!"

I only knew one gambit out of the many thousands there are; I stared numbly at her smiling lips and gleeful eyes.

The *kadin* had me where she wanted me. It was either agree to play chess—or let her denounce me to Habib, maybe even watch me being flayed alive.

I run into these decisions all the time as the lady from L.U.S.T. So I figured I might as well make one more, and hope for the best. I moved my shoulders in a shrug.

"If beggars can't be choosers, certainly slaves can't. So I accept. Where's the chess set?"

With fluid grace, Sukaynah slipped from the cushions and went across the carpet-strewn floor. Her dusky haunches twitched, her buttock cheeks jiggled. She was a handsome woman, all right. Her glossy black hair had come loose from its pins and had fallen as far as the small of her back. I felt a little sorry for Sukaynah. She was fighting the only way a *kadin* could fight.

The chess set was carved from ivory and ebony, in Arabic shapes. The king became a sultan, the queen was a naked woman, the bishop was a holy man with uplifted arms calling the faithful to prayer, the knight was a cavalryman with upraised scimitar, the rook became a tent. The pawns were musket-carrying desert riders.

We set up the pieces. Triumphantly, Sukaynah said, "Mine is the first move, slave. One game. So be careful."

I mentally crossed my fingers and watched the *kadin* lift a white pawn and move it to the king's knight 4 square. So far, so good. This was a standard opening move, and Sukaynah followed it. She leaned back on her heels and smiled triumphantly. I guess she was seeing me dead and buried.

I lifted my pawn to the king's 4 square.

The *kadin* nodded, smiling. Her hand went to a pawn and slid it out to the King's bishop 4. And when she did that, Sukaynah became a dead duck.

"One game?" I asked. "Winner takes all?"

She nodded happily.

I lifted my black queen and moved it diagonally across the board to the king's rook 4. I said quietly, "Checkmate, your highness."

Her smile froze. Her eyes dropped to the board. She stared in utter stupefaction at the fool's mate gambit, completed. As the fact of what she was seeing dawned upon her, she cried out unintelligibly. Her ringed hand lifted, swept the pieces from the board in savage fury.

"You tricked me, slave!" she screeched.

I crossed my arms. "We made a deal. The deal stands."

"No, it does not. We shall play again!"

I stared across the board into her flushed face and angry eyes. She held my gaze for a moment, then let her eyes fall. She murmured, "I have always considered myself to be an honorable woman, a woman of my word. *Insh-allah!* It is as God wills! I shall abide by what has happened."

"I shall stay with you for the night," I smiled, getting to my feet. "Then we will see what tomorrow will bring. If anyone should ask you, knowing the desires of the Sheik Habib, you kept me in your suite—lest any harm befall me."

Sukaynah nodded, "Yes, he will believe that. I have always aided him to satisfy his flesh lusts on different women. I am not jealous of him."

I said softly, "Why don't you go back to those cushions, your highness?"

When a wife feeds other females to her husband, the answer sometimes is that she likes females herself. I was a female. I hooked an arm about Sukaynah and guided her steps to the huge mattress.

I slipped out of my harem pants and joined her on the satin pillows. Her breasts shook as she reached out her arms. My hands stilled their movement as my fingers fastened about her heavy mounds and performed the *adipitam* caress as mentioned in the Koka Shashtra. Laughter gurgled in her throat as her open mouth came down on mine.

"You are no virgin with another girl," she breathed into my mouth.

"Nor are you, highness."

She threw herself on her back, murmuring, "Excite me, girl. Make my tongue grow cold!"

I felt I owed her a little bonus, so I bent above her

breasts, kissing their roundness, adoring the sleek plump flesh and tumid nipples. I drank her in with suctioning lips. I played the man to her womanhood.

I engaged in the deep kisses that result in *les morsures*, those blood-empurpled marks on the flesh where the caress has been too fervent. I placed these kiss-stains on her throat, on her shoulders, on each heavy breast. The Koran tells an Arab male that the female is his field to be enjoyed and used in any manner he sees fit. As my mouth moved down onto her fluttering belly, I told myself that this *kadin*, this favorite wife of the Sheik Habib ibn Masrak, was my own special playground, to be cultivated and sported in, and of all this dusky-field spread before me, her depilated *zirab* was like a charming fountain.

I sought to drink at the fountain, but to my surprise, Sukaynah pushed my face away. She was breathing in shallow gusts, and her face was flushed. Her hands on my shoulders pushed me back into the satin pillows. I lay there as if before a man, in the position in *el asemeud*, my thighs almost touching my shoulders, my behind raised by the pillows beneath it. I gasped as I stared at her shaven loins. I had never seen anything so large.

Then Sukaynah crashed down on me.

I cried out in dumb surprise. I knew about tribadism, in which two women mimic a man and a woman, but I had rarely encountered it. These tribads get their jollies from rubbing their genitals together, in the *a le cul tendre* of the French.

The *kadin* was peculiarly fitted for this example of the art. Her *umm tertur* was a good two inches long. In other words, she was a *betzra*, the proud possessor of an overdeveloped clitoris. A natural for tribadism, my delighted body was discovering. She rammed and romped, she was a bitch in rut.

Tribadism is a form of *amor lesbicus* that is as ancient as woman herself. It is a sexual inversion found among prostitutes and such women who might be separated from the company of men, as in prisons. Women indulging in such

acts have been known to pass themselves off as men, and have actually married other women. Females who possess these masculine qualities are named by Krafft-Ebing as gynandrists. Writers like Flaubert, Zola and Hall have explored this paranormality in several of their novels.

After close to an hour of indescribable emotions, she collapsed on top of me, shuddering weakly. The psychology books state that one woman can service another in such fashion, for a long, long time, so that the woman being serviced may continuously let down her tribute to Venus. How right they are!

I murmured, "Honey, I can't stand much of that sort of thing. You know what I mean?"

Sukaynah nodded weakly. She was almost out herself.

Chapter NINE

My plan was working to perfection. The mechanics of the Sheik Habib had repaired the mechanism of the cherry-go-round. After they had gone, Sukaynah and I took a little walk and while her *hijra*, Bulbul, stood guard outside the door, I undid everything they had done.

I thought Habib ibn Masrak might have a heart attack when his pussycat plaything backfired on him a second time. He stood up, he opened his mouth as the veins swelled like purple snakes in his temples and his throat. His fists pawed the air.

Later, I learned he came close to beheading his mechanics. But their pleading convinced him they hadn't done him dirt, so he went himself with them the next day and watched them make the necessary repairs.

He stationed armed guards outside the engine room.

Sukaynah told me in dismay, "There is no chance now to change the magnets back. You will have to go to him."

"Is the jeep where you said it will be?"

She nodded. There were dark rings under her eyes, which she covered with pancake makeup in public. She had kept me with her ever since I first passed through the doors of her harem suite. Most of the time we were engaged in some lesbian activity or other. She never spared herself, so it was no wonder that her eyes looked haggard.

She nodded slowly. "Yes, I have done what I promised. The only thing is—you dare not ride the road across the

desert to Medina. The government has set up road blocks along it. You'll never get past them."

"I'll ride over the desert, across the sand dunes."

"The desert is mined in a big circle, all around Riyadh."

"Oh, great!"

She spread her hands. "If I had a mine detector, I'd give it to you. The mines are few in number, no more than two at any one spot. But to get through them—" Her dusky shoulders shrugged.

I grinned, suddenly. The U. S. Marines had discovered a way to do without mine detectors in Viet Nam. All I would need would be a little household article which Sukaynah must have a thousand of. When I told her what I wanted, she clapped her hands and nodded.

And so I stepped onto the cherry-go-round that night with something like hope in the Drum bosom. Let the sheik win me. He would get no satisfaction from this L.U.S.T. lady. I sat down and waited for the inevitable.

The merry-go-round revolved. It stopped with the pointer in front of me. Slaves with big grins on their faces ran to hand me down. Habib came to claim me, triumphantly. Behind him, I saw Sukaynah frowning worriedly.

I let him take my hand and lead me out of the courtyard. He was breathing love words down my neck at every step. I said nothing, I walked proudly beside him. We went up the harem steps together and turned left to walk the corridor into the selamluk, which is the sheik's apartment.

The door closed.

At last we were alone, this man whom A.L.L.A.H. had chosen to be the triggerman for its mob in Mecca. He put out his hand to me.

I let him slide his hand onto my left breast before I brought the long silver hairpin out of my blonde coiffure and, gripping it by its huge pearl head, rammed the sharp point deep into Habib's left ear.

He gave a startled grunt. His eyes slammed open.

Habib ibn Masrak was dead before he hit the tiles, the silver pin-shaft deep in his brain. I whirled toward the door,

listening. There was no sound. The entire palace was seemingly asleep.

I dropped to my knees and stripped Habib naked. He was no more than an inch taller than me. I drew his shirt and trousers on over the harem pants that were my only garment.

"Sorry about this, sheik," I muttered as I caught his wrist and dragged him across the floor and toward the huge round mattress. I covered his dead body with cushions and pillows, heaping them high.

There was a safe set into an angle of the mosaic-tiled walls. It was an ancient vault of French make. It took me about three minutes to find its combination and swing open the door. There was a wooden box inside it. I slid open the top of the box. There was a small but incredibly powerful bomb inside.

I checked the bomb. The internal mechanism would not work unless the plunger was thrust down. I made sure the plunger would not accidentally depress itself, then I slid the box-top back into place.

All I had to do now was get to the jeep Sukaynah had left for me outside the palace walls. It is a long drive from Riyadh to Medina. The number one wife had promised to have gasoline cans placed in the jeep, to make sure I got where I wanted to go.

I foraged around, discovered a kufiyah and ogal hung on a couple of wooden wall pegs. I slipped the kufiyah on over my informal garb and ightened the ogal braiding about my head to keep the loose white garment in place.

With the kufiyah drawn about my features, and with the bomb box tucked under an arm, I made my way to the back door of the suite, that led down a narrow staircase to an outer courtyard. In the old days, when one of the sheik ancestors of Habib ibn Masrak had wanted to hold secret sessions with a friend or maybe even an enemy, he could let him up this hidden way.

I got out the same way they had. I simply opened the door at the bottom of the staircase and walked across the

courtyard. I admit my heart was slamming like a jackhammer; I did not fully trust Sukaynah.

I did not put it past her to change her mind. Had she known I meant to kill her husband, I'm sure she would have alerted the guards. I guess she figured Habib was having his flesh fun with me, the way she had. Maybe she was still weeping in vexation at losing her playmate.

I thought about the guards, but I saw nobody. Then I realized that they also believed Habib was having his pound-pound of flesh. They were probably guzzling at a leather *kirba* filled with cheap Syrian wine.

I ran fast. I pulled at a big iron ring and an ironbound oaken door swung inward. I slithered through the tiny opening and drew the door shut behind me. I could see the jeep standing near a bush, fifty yards away. I beat feet toward it.

The key was in the ignition. I turned it and the jeep started up. I whirled the steering wheel and headed along the road to Medina. Somewhere out ahead of me, ten miles or so from Riyadh at a rough guess, there was a mine field scattered over the sand dunes. I would have remained on the road itself, but sooner or later they would learn that the Sheik Habib ibn Masrak was dead, and a helicopter would come flying above the road to find me.

I went as far along the road as I dared.

Then I swung off the road and began bumping over sand dunes and shale fields. The road disappeared behind a row of low hills. I was alone on a vast expanse of wasteland. By midday the sun would be unbearably hot.

I kept checking the odometer. The mine field would be coming up soon. Sukaynah had said the mines were about fifteen miles from Riyadh. When the odometer read fourteen miles, I braked the car.

I slipped out and reached for the two wire coat-hangers Sukaynah had given me. I untwisted them with the help of a wrench from the jeep tool-kit. I bent each coat-hanger into an L shape.

Ever since a clever and resourceful operations analyst

suggested their use to find hidden mines and tunnels in Vietnam to the Marine Corps, the officers at Camp Pendleton have been teaching the use of these coat-hanger dowsers. The Marines have built a mock-up of a Vietnamese battle ground at that camp complete with jungle and tunnels, and there they test this latest in a list of unusual gadgets and weaponry.

The dowsers made light weights in my hands as I held my arms out and began walking. Theoretically, the slender metal arms should dip downward in response to any metal object below the sands. Nobody knows how or why this works, just that it does. Even engineers are baffled by its action.

I walked for half a mile, put the dowsers down as markers, then ran back to the jeep. I drove up to the markers. I did this three times before I got any results.

Sweat was running down my front and back. I was a little light-headed from the heat when the coat-hanger dowsers suddenly dipped groundward, quivering erratically. I knelt, leaned forward, and began brushing away sand. There was a land mine, painted a sandy beige, just an inch below the desert surface.

I found the second mine five feet away, a little behind the first one. The mines were planted twenty feet apart, Sukaynah had said. I tested her testimony. She was off by a foot and a half, but I could slide the jeep through eighteen and a half feet of empty sand.

I headed west at forty miles an hour.

It took me twelve hours to reach Medina. Medina is about three hundred miles from Mecca. I figured that if I could convince the authorities Habib ibn Masrak was dead, and that the bomb he had intended to use was safe in my hands, we could make a roundup of the rest of the A.L.L.A.H. in Mecca.

I braked the jeep in front of a local police station. I got out and staggered inside the brick building. A man in a military-type uniform stepped forward smartly.

"I'm Eve Drum," I told him. "The lady from L.U.S.T.

The Sheik Habib ibn Masrak is dead. I have the bomb he was going to use against the sacred black stone."

He looked a little puzzled, but escorted me to see a superior. When I told his superior the same thing, he reached for a telephone. In half an hour, I was being led into what might be called loosely, police headquarters. Fortunately, there was a man from Interpol there, a Frenchman named Raoul Piron.

"Sit down, Miss Drum," he told me courteously. He was dapper in civilian garb, with a tiny mustache decorating his upper lip. "We have been hoping against hope that you would have fulfilled your mission."

His smile was dazzling. "And you did," he exclaimed triumphantly. "So we have set up our machinery to catch the members of A.L.L.A.H.—with your cooperation."

"You mean there's more?"

His hand indicated my white kufiyah and braided ogal. "You can pass yourself off as the Sheik Habib. Instead of the real bomb which you brought us, you will carry a fake. If you pretended to throw it, A.L.L.A.H. will surge forward, bringing out the man they will produce as a scapegoat. We want to capture those A.L.L.A.H. people. We have ways of making them talk. Then we will smash this organization that has made itself so powerful in the Arab world."

"What about the Arabs? Will they cooperate?"

"They will," said a burly man in an Arab police uniform, standing in the doorway. He came forward, a faint smile on his lips. "I am Yussuf al Rasafi. I have been assigned by his royal highness, King Saud, to work with Interpol on this case."

"The authorities do not like to be bullied by these A.L.L.A.H. people. They are insane fanatics. The authorities will work out their own destiny with Israel. They are horrified at the blasphemy A.L.L.A.H. intended."

"All right," I agreed wearily. "The bombing is set for tomorrow at noon. I want to go to bed, right now. I'm beat."

Both Raoul Piron and Yussuf al Rasafi were models of

apology. They would see me installed in a local hotel under an assumed name. There would be a guard outside my door until it was time to get into a helicopter and be flown to Mecca. Gratefully I got to my feet.

"Just show me the way," I smiled wearily.

I slept like a dead girl.

I was still half asleep next morning as Raoul Piron handed me up into a helicopter. The driver was a soldier, in military drab. I was still disguised as Habib ibn Masrak, and a fake bomb was smuggled close to my hip. I decided I could doze a little in the chopper-craft, and I did.

At ten in the morning, the whirlybird lowered down onto a flat stretch of cement. Men rushed forward to open its door. I was assisted from the helicopter, ushered into a big black limousine, and driven toward the great square that houses the Kaaba.

All pilgrims to Mecca walk seven times around the stone sanctuary that houses the sacred black stone. The black cloth that covers this building is made in Egypt every year, and is covered with holy writings embroidered in gold. It is a very stirring sight, even to an unbeliever like me, to see the hundreds of pilgrims—wearing seamless white cloths wound about their bodies—kneeling and reading their Korans as they face this Arab reliquary.

A long line of pilgrims was waiting to enter the black-shrouded building, to kiss the black stone. Had Habib ibn Masrak thrown his bomb, he would have killed hundreds of these innocent people on their *hajj* to Mecca. I felt a little better about having killed him.

Here and there I noticed heads turning in my direction. Members of A.L.L.A.H., waiting for my move. I did not make them wait long.

I lifted out the fake bomb. I gave the modification of a Tarzan yell. I hurled the useless chunk of metal straight for the Kaaba. And all Hell erupted. Pilgrims stared along with me as dozens of men came rushing from the side streets, guns in their hands. Three of them were dragging an obviously drugged man along with them.

This was what the authorities were waiting for. Men with rifles at the ready came driving out of the shadows. A gun spoke here and there, but for the most part, the A.L.L.A.H. boys were so surprised that the bomb had not gone off, they were helpless to resist.

In ten minutes, it was all over.

I stood there feeling ridiculous.

I had been through so much to reach this moment, here in Mecca, that I felt let down. I had expected flashing lights and screaming sirens, I guess. Instead, there had been a few scuffles, two men had been shot, the A.L.L.A.H. members had been hustled into waiting vans.

Raoul Piron touched my elbows. "It is over," he said softly. "You have saved the world, Miss Drum. The world will be forever grateful."

"If you say so," I smiled.

His eyebrows lifted. "Oh? Of course! It is a disappointment. Nothing seems to have happened. Well, this proves how well you did our job. There was no excitement, only half a dozen shots were fired, none of the pilgrims were hurt. There will be no holy war, only peace. My congratulations."

"Yeah," I muttered listlessly.

His eyes twinkled. "David Anderjanian is on his way to Mecca to pick you up, Miss Drum. He will arrive in a few hours."

"He *will*?" I squealed.

"He said something about a holiday on the Riviera, just you and he," the Frenchman added. "As a kind of reward."

I turned and began running for the limousine.

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FIVE BEDS TO MECCA

(Lady From L.U.S.T. #4) Eve Drum, super spy and super girl, gets the wildest, toughest and sexiest assignment of her fabulous career. Eve's job: to stop a stop-at-nothing organization of Middle Eastern fanatics (A.L.L.A.H.) from touching off a holy war that will engulf the entire world. Working with her favorite Israeli agent, and figuring that the quickest way into an Arab madman's headquarters is through the infamous white slave market of Beirut, Eve arranges to have her milk-white body put on the auction block — and what a prize she is! After that the action goes wild as bullets fly, knives flash, hypodermics hiss, and bedsprings creak. Always ready for a new kick or a new kill, Eve wiggles her way through the zaniest spy romp ever written — and loves every minute of it. Sex is Eve's best weapon, and never before has she used it with such deadly effect. Even the erotic maniac, Shiekh Iskander ibn Rashid, can't keep up with her as she shows him far-out delights and bed-chamber gymnastics they never dreamed of in the Kama Sutra. In the end, sex conquers all, just as Eve knew it would.